Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1899.

OVER THE ALLEGHANIES.

NIAGARA FALLS.

For over a hundred years the Alleghanies were an almost insurmountable barrier between the seaboard colonies and the Ohio Valley. It took General Braddock six weeks to drag his army train over their rugged crest. Now the Black Diamond Express, of the Lehigh Valley Railway, whirls the tourist over their summits from the Great Lakes to New York and Philadelphia between sunrise and sunset. For our own part we prefer less rapid travel. In our last trip over this picturesque route some years ago we loitered leisurely along, stopping at many places of interest en route. At Niagara Falls we paused to enjoy again the might and majesty of the world's greatest cataract. We lingered a few hours at the picturesque city of Ithaca, on Cayuga Lake, to visit Cornell University, one of the best equipped and best endowed in America. It has over two hundred professors and instructors, and over two thousand students. Its fifteen college buildings would do credit to old Oxford itself. The extensive view from the college campus, four hundred feet above the lake, is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen, commanding a vista of many miles of land and waterscape not equalled by the shores of Windermere or Ulleswater. At Ithaca Gorge, a tiny stream has worn in ages a profound chasm in the rock, a scene of striking picturesqueness. In recognition of Christian sentiment a beautiful memorial chapel has been erected, a perfect gem of architecture with its stained glass and marble effigies, but quite inadequate for worship. A much

SENECA LAKE.

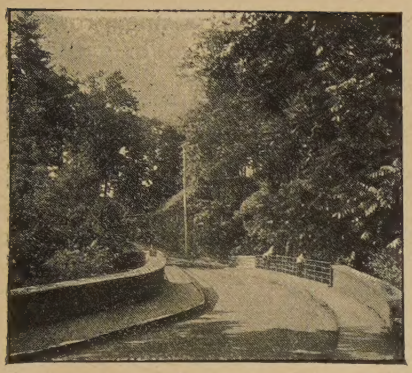
more striking demonstration of the dominance of Christian thought is the Y. M. C. A. college building, one of the most magnificent in the United States. The college library is one of the best equipped on the continent, and is enriched by the generous donation of the private library of Professor Goldwin Smith. It is a striking example of the contribution of one of the oldest universities of Europe —the cloistered halls of Europe— to one of the newest universities of America, that this distinguished scholar for over a score of years has lectured to successive classes of admiring students at Cornell.

On a branch of the Lehigh Valley road, which skirts the beautiful Seneca Lake, is the famous Watkins Glen, another marvellous example of the power of water to sculpture into forms of grace and beauty the Trenton limestone formations with their abounding fossils.

Dr. Theodore Cuyler speaks of the Glen as follows: "It is really a magnificent cavern of over three miles long, with the roof off. The 'Cathedral,' with its solid walls looming up 300 feet, would accommodate one of Whitefield's vast congregations."

Sweeping down the winding Susquehanna, with its shimmering reaches of water, its fertile intervales and broad uplands basking in the summer sun, the road traverses the historic Wyoming Valley, to which the genius of Campbell has given an imperishable interest by his touching poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming."

Soon the train begins to climb the steep slopes of the Alleghanies till it reaches an altitude of two



ENTRANCE TO CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

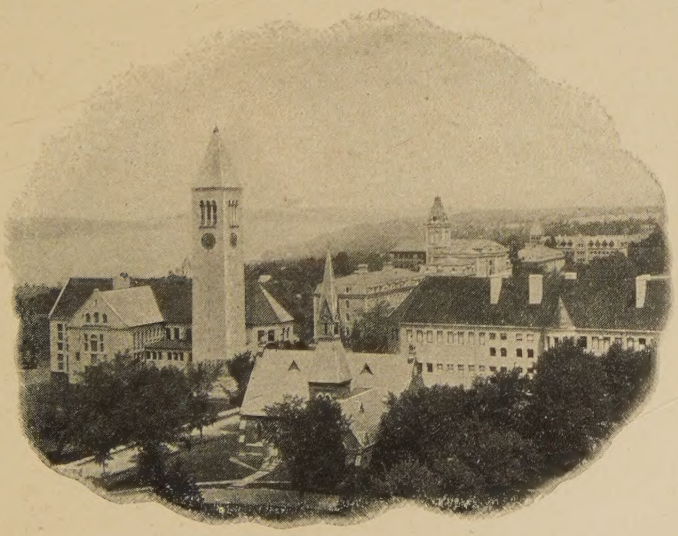
thousand feet above the sea. As from an eagle's nest perched high on the crest of a splendid range of mountains, one looks down upon a panorama of surpassing loveliness, stretching out to the four points of the compass. In its day and hour the azalea floods the prospect with a sea of bloom. Following, the rhododendron flaunts its stately banners and the march of the flowers continues, until in early autumn the scene ripples over with the most vivid colour which fancy can conceive.

A colony of about thirty cottages has grown up, the owners being residents of New York, Philadelphia, Wilkesbarre, and various other cities. A quaint little chapel in its midst, with a rustic finish of bark, consecrates the scene. Far beneath stretches the broad Wyoming Valley.

It is but three miles, in an air line, to the small village of Ashley, seen below. But such are the engineering difficulties that it requires a zig-zag journey of eighteen miles to reach it.

Descending the eastern slope of the Alleghanies we follow for miles the sinuous winding of the Lehigh river, now in the shadow of the mountain, black as ink, now in full sunlight, flashing in foam over its rugged bed as white as snow.

At Mauch Chunk the grandeur culminates. This town is doubtless the most highly picturesque in America. It lies in a narrow gorge between and among high hills, its foot resting on the Lehigh river, and its body stretching up the cliffs of



CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.

the mountains. It is so compacted among the hills that its houses impinge upon its one narrow street, and stand backed up against the rising ground, with no space for gardens except what the owners can manage to snatch from the hillside above their heads. As proof of what can be done in a narrow space, this quaint and really Swiss-like village affords a striking example.

Alighting in this romantic spot, where the enterprise of man has engirded with railroads and canals the wildest mountain solitude, one knows not whether first to bow in awe at nature's majesty, or to admire the triumph which engineering skill has achieved in rendering it so easily accessible to the outer world. For this narrow gorge, through which the Lehigh, through ages of solitude, plashed upon its devious way to the sea, now furnishes an avenue also for two railroads, a canal, and at this point a village street, all crowded into this narrow space, and monopolizing every

SHAWANESE LAKE.

inch of room they can ever expect to occupy.

The eye follows the narrow highway, first with its single row of buildings facing the river, and then built up on both sides to the foot of Mount Pisgah, an almost perpendicular elevation rising to the height of fifteen hundred feet above the tide-water, and about the base of which cluster, in what seems at first a hopeless confusion, the dwellings, stores, and churches of this active little town. It is over Mount Pisgah that we shall enjoy a ride on the famous gravity railroad known as the "Switch-back." Though Mauch Chunk was first settled in the year 1815, it was in this immediate vicinity that, about a quarter of a century earlier (1791), anthracite coal was accidentally discovered by one Philip Ginter, a hunter.

The first problem presented for solution to the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, when organized, was the transportation of coal from the mines to the river. Science and enterprise joined hands to solve it. First, a tedious system of mule teams was adopted, but in 1827 this was replaced by the gravity railroad, running on a descending grade from Summit Hill to the river. Cars coming down on this road by their own gravity carried with them the mules which were to drag them back. In 1844 the mule system was abandoned entirely, by the erection of inclined planes and stationary engines. Since that time a ride over these planes has annually become more popular, until now it is an inseparable feature of a visit to Mauch Chunk.

Let us step into this car, which is waiting here at the base of the plane, and we shall shortly see how it is for ourselves. Here we go! Up—up—up. Now we begin to look down on the tree-tops, and the landscape below seems to be slowly but steadily receding. We speedily traverse two thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet of track, and, reaching the summit, are eight hundred and sixty-four feet higher than our starting-point.

We now whiz along, with gravity for our motive power, for a distance of six miles, a descent of three hundred and two feet, to the base of another inclined plane, Mount Jefferson, two thousand and seventy feet long and four hundred and sixty-two feet in elevation. Drawn by invisible chargers, we hurry along, down a mile's steep incline, to the quaint mining village of Summit Hill, with a population of two thousand, and an elevation of nine hundred and seventy-five feet above the Lehigh. A curious place it is, with rambling streets, old buildings, and a stone arsenal with turrets and loop-holes, and in which are stored arms for a company of militiamen, to be called out should disorder arise among the miners. Here, too, is the "burning mine," within the subterranean depth of which a fiery heat has been raging for nearly fifty years, searing and blighting whole acres on the surface above it.

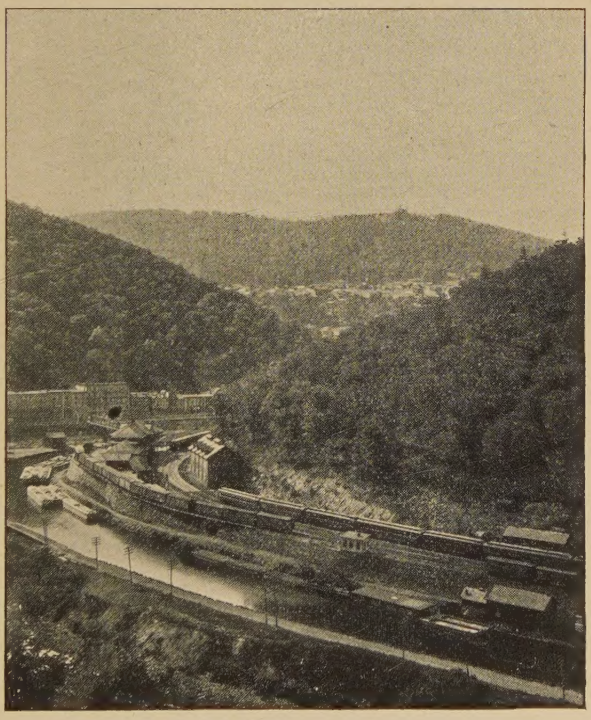
The supreme pleasure of our ride is the return over the nine miles of continuous descending grade to our starting-point at Mount Pisgah's base. A single turn of the brakes and off we start faster and faster, down through long stretches of shaded roadway, around wondrous curves, along giddy cliffs, under shadows of great ivy-grown crags, and still down—down—down, at a dizzy speed, and as if borne on the wings of the wind. There, like a toy village in the distance before, and far below us, we once more descry Mauch Chunk, with its familiar church spire so indelibly impressed upon all who

WILKESBARRE AND THE WYOMING VALLEY—FROM POINT LOOKOUT.

have seen it. How fast we seem to be approaching it. And so, indeed, we are; for almost ere we know it our fleet charger has drawn rein, and we are safe and sound at the platform from which we so recently started on our ascent. Few things can be found so novel or exhilarating as a ride over the Switchback.

Resuming the train, and passing the Lehigh Gap, where the river forces its way through a narrow pass between the cliffs, we stop again at the quaint old town of Bethlehem. Here it was that, in 1741, Count Zinzendorf, with his little band of Moravians, founded a settlement, and established institutions of learning for both sexes, which have attracted pupils hither from all parts of the land. It was here that that the Moravian nuns gave Count Pulaski the banner, still preserved by the Baltimore Historical Society, the presentation of which gave Longfellow occasion for that beautiful poem :

> " Take thy banner, may it wave
> Proudly o'er the good and brave."



MAUCH CHUNK PASS.

The Lehigh Valley Railway has a double terminus, one in each of the two greatest cities of the continent, New York and Philadelphia. The growth of the sky-scraper buildings of New York has given the city a very striking and irregular sky-line. Crossing the river in the twilight the lofty homes of the new cliff-dwellers look like the jagged teeth of some sea monster of the past. The old historic landmarks, Trinity church and Battery Park, are quite obliterated in the domineering self-assertion of the great insurance and printing offices and hotels of lower New York.

The City of Brotherly Love presents many features of special interest. Founded in 1682 by William Penn, no other city on the continent, save Boston and Quebec, equal it in historic interest. Dominating the entire scene, on the tower of the city hall is the colossal statue of the good Quaker who has given his name to the great State of Pennsylvania. One of the noblest traditions of British colonization in the New World is that of this man of peace.

The story of the British settlements on the Delaware is a demonstration of the infinite superiority of methods of peace and

HIGH BUILDINGS, NEW YORK CITY.

justice over those of war and wrong. A great historic painting represents William Penn's treaty with the Indians. He gave a fair equivalent to the original owners of the soil for the site of this great city, and for large portions of the adjacent country. The treaty then made he faithfully kept. While other portions of the land were saturated with the blood of the pioneer settlers, the dwellers by the Delaware enjoyed peace and prosperity and the friendship of the native tribes.

The peace-loving and industrious character of the good Quaker settlers has contributed to make the State of Pennsylvania one of the most God-fearing, thrifty, and industrious of the entire Union. While the pleasant "thee" and "thou" of the Quakers is less frequently heard in its streets than years ago, and the grey garb and quaint bonnets of the sweet-faced Quaker dames are less often seen, the spirit of benignity and peace and kindness seems to brood in the air. The red brick Quaker meeting-houses, the First Day Assemblies, and, above all, the quiet graves beneath the shadowing locust trees, recall the dim and storied past.

The associations of Independence Hall, Carpenter's Hall, and Germantown are less peaceful, but not less potent memories. As one threads the busy streets their names, Walnut, Chestnut, Locust, Pine, Spruce, etc., recall the primeval forest. Especially do the old Swedish church and the quiet graveyards, amid the crowded human hive, speak of the past unto the present. There sleep the peaceful sleepers in their narrow beds.

"In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!"

Of special interest to the visitor to the Quaker city in September, October, and November will be the National Export Exposition, open during these months. New Yorkers speak of the sister city as slow, but that epithet is ill-deserved by the city which organized the Centennial Exposition, and which has constructed a great exhibition building, 1,000 feet long by 400 wide, with an annex 450 by 160 feet, in an area of 62 acres in extent, for the exposition of the achievements of art, science, and commerce in the closing year of the century. Accredited delegates from over three hundred of the leading chambers of commerce and other trade associations of Europe, South Africa, India, Australia, China, Japan, and other Asiatic countries, and Central and South America, give this a fully international character.

BY LOVE ORDAINED.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Supreme above rules all-wise Love:
Child, let this thought most sweet
Dispel thy fears, and check thy tears,
And nerve thy faltering feet.

He, to Whose heart more dear thou art
Than speech could e'er express,
Through darkened day, o'er sinuous way,
Doth call thee but to bless.

Firm be thy tread the maze to thread
Betwixt His throne and thee;
Its windings past, plain paths, at last,
And glorious light shall be.

Toronto.

IN THE JEWISH QUARTERS, FRANKFORT.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.*

BY THE EDITOR.

On the 28th of August, 1749, the greatest writer of the German tongue was born. Luther may be said by his translation of the Bible to have fixed the form of the German language, but Goethe gave it its highest literary expression. "He rose," says Carlyle, "almost at a single bound to the highest reputation all over Europe. . . . The noblest of modern intellects since Shakespeare left us." For more than a hundred years pilgrims from many lands have visited the Goethe house in the Hirsch-Graben, Frankfort, as the shrine of the most brilliant genius of the Teutonic race; and throughout the world the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth has just been celebrated.

His native city furnished a fitting environment for the development of his powers. Here, from the time of Barbarossa, most of the German emperors were crowned; the pageantry of the recurring scene Goethe has vividly described. On the walls of the Kaisersaal in the old town hall are portraits of the whole series for a thousand years, from Charlemagne down—the Karls, Conrads, Siegfrieds, Friedrichs, and many another monarch famous in his day. At the great Easter fair of Frankfort, the strange garbs and products of the merchants, from Bagdad to Hamburg, met in the most cosmopolitan gathering of Europe.

The boy Goethe wandered through the Judengasse, where, under heavy penalties, the Jews were confined, each wearing a yellow patch upon his gabardine. In their ancient synagogue he observed the celebration of their more ancient rites, and marvelled at the blending of the wealth and squalor of these Ishmaels of mankind. Scenes from the grim tragedy of war were not unknown. His young ears heard the thunder of the cannonade. He beheld the sad procession of wounded men on their way to the Liebfrauen-Kloster, which was converted into a hospital.

From his father, a stern, formal, pedantic town councillor, the young poet inherited his sturdy frame. From his gay and beautiful young mother, less than half her husband's age, he derived his happy disposition and love of story telling. He was a precocious child writing, says Bayard Taylor, when only eight years old, Latin, Greek, German, French and Italian—not very correctly, of course. Before he went to Leipzig University, at the age of sixteen, he had begun his experiences in the tender passion, which were such frequent episodes in his life. Nearly a score of these have been chronicled, and classified, as they were more or less transient.

Goethe mastered with easy skill the varied course of a German university, and became also an adept in the merrymakings and sports of student life. Transferred to the University of Strasburg, he made the acquaintance of Herder, philosopher and preacher, who introduced him to a knowledge of Shakespeare and the English classics, and of the still grander poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures. His impressionable nature is shown by his betrothal

* This article appears substantially as here given in the *Examiner*, New York.

HOUSE IN WHICH GOETHE WAS BORN, FRANKFORT.

to Friederike Brion, an Alsatian village pastor's daughter ; but the selfish young egotist soon flung her off, and she died at length of a broken heart.

The first-fruits of his genius was his stirring drama, Gotz von Berlichingen. It depicts the conflict of feudalism and civilization with extraordinary power. It produced a great sensation in the literary world. Together with Schiller's play of "The Robbers," written not long after, it set the fashion of the romantic dramas of the Sturm und Drang period of German thought and literature.

It is difficult to account for the sensation produced by Goethe's novel, known in English as "The Sorrows of Werther." It is founded upon the unhappy passion of a student acquaintance of the poet for the wife of one of his friends. It is characterized by Dr. Augustus H. Strong as "a piece of sickly sentimentality, so feverish and maudlin as utterly to disgust the healthy-minded reader." Yet it was praised by the most distinguished literary men as a profoundly philosophical romance. "Perhaps there never was a fiction," says Lewes, "which so startled and enraptured the world." It was translated into many foreign languages. It was the companion in Egypt of Na-

poleon, who read it seven times. It penetrated into China, where Charlotte and Werther were modelled in porcelain. Its success seems to have sprung from the fact that it vividly expressed the discontent and pessimism of the age.

The name and fame acquired through this novel attracted the attention of Charles Augustus, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who, in 1775, invited the young poet to his court. Here Goethe resided for the most part during the remaining fifty-six years of his life. The little town of less than twenty thousand inhabitants, through his genius and that of Schiller, Herder and Wieland, became the Athens of Germany—the focus of its intellectual life.

Goethe was appointed Privy Councillor, but the chief function of his office seems to have been to direct the artistic pleasures of the court, which sought to imitate the manners and morals of Versailles.

Goethe swam with the tide, and joined the Grand Duke in his maddest carousals. He seems, however, to have revolted from the frivolities and dissipations of masking, drinking, dancing, and dicing, and to have found a nobler employment for his powers in literature. His most important work of this period is the "Wilhelm Meister," a human document, in which much of his experience and philosophy is set forth. A sojourn of two years in Italy gives us his admirable Torquato Tasso, founded upon the tragic story of the author of "Jerusalem Delivered." It embodies the very spirit of classic art; is almost "faultily faultless," like Pygmalion's statue before it was smitten into life.

The supreme work of the greatest poet of his time, the immortal Faust, appeared in 1805. The ancient legend on which it is founded is one of the most weird superstitions of the Middle Ages. With a crude and coarse realism it was often carved in wood in the choir stalls of the churches, or painted on panels, or enacted in rude moralities. Even a celestial origin is attributed to the legend by a reference to the dispute between Michael the Archangel, with the Devil, about the body of Moses (Jude ix.), and the war in heaven between Michael and the dragon (Revelation xii. 7). Twenty-nine versions of the Faust legend, says Bayard Taylor, existed in Germany before the time of Goethe. The English Marlowe found in it the "motif" of his vigorous play. The obvious lesson was that he must have a long spoon who would sup with the Devil.

It was Goethe, however, who first grasped the marvellous power and deep meaning of the ancient legend. For thirty years it haunted his mind, and at length found expression in the greatest drama of modern times. The sombre tragedy describes the struggle of the human soul with the most subtle temptation. Goethe's Mephistopheles is not the vulgar devil of the Middle Ages, but a much more acute and insidious spirit. The play is, in large part, a transcript of the author's own soul wrestlings. "I am conscious," he wrote Lavater, "that God and Satan, heaven and hell, are striving for the mastery within me." It is a variation on the theme alike of the Christian apostle and the Roman moralist, "When I would do good, evil is present with me."

The intense vitality of the play grips the very soul. The pitifulness of the story of Marguerite touches every heart. The remorse and despair of Faust are recognized as a divine Nemesis.

The juggling malignity and cunning of Satan are felt to be truly infernal. The power of the presentation makes this poem a world's undying masterpiece. Its immortal verse has had the good fortune to be wedded to immortal music. The genius of Gounod has marvellously interpreted and reinforced the genius of Goethe.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

The second part of this great drama—the Redemption of Faust—has less of human interest, less of vital grasp than the first. It is somewhat vague and allegorical in its philosophy. It was written at intervals during the last five-and-twenty years of the poet's life. Parts of it are obscure and mystical, but it abounds also in passages of exquisite beauty and splendour. Goethe's interpretation of its moral significance is as follows. In speaking of the conclusion of "Faust," he directs Eckermann's attention to the following passage :

> "Saved is this noble soul from ill,
> Our spirit peer. Who ever
> Strives forward with unswerving will,
> Him can we aye deliver ;
> And if with him celestial love
> Hath taken part,—to meet him
> Come down the angels from above ;
> With cordial hail they greet him."

"In these lines," said he, "is contained the key to Faust's salvation. In Faust himself there is an activity which becomes constantly higher and purer to the end, and from above there is eternal love coming to his aid. This harmonizes perfectly with our religious views, according to which, we cannot obtain heavenly bliss through our own strength alone, but with the assistance of divine grace."

With all Goethe's genius, with his Godlike powers were blended less noble elements. With his head of gold were the feet of clay. His novel entitled "Elective Affinities" is a story which saps the very foundations of morality. It reduces the emotions and passions to the mere workings of a law, like that of gravitation, or of chemical force, which ignores the moral quality of the acts it causes. It adds to the condemnation of this book, that it was not the work of his callow youth, but of the man in the maturity of his powers at his sixtieth year. Goethe's practice, unhappily, was in harmony with his theories. Of this his relations with the Frau von Stein, and with Christiane Vulpius, the mother of his children, not to mention others, are painful illustrations.

The closing years of the poet's life were disturbed by the political

troubles of the times. His calm retreat at Weimar was invaded by French troops, and even his house sacked. Though resenting with much energy the tyranny of Napoleon, yet, when the storm passed over, he accepted from his hands the cross of the Legion of Honour, and flattered in his writings the despot of Europe.

Goethe's intellectual acuteness, and his insight into nature are shown in his scientific studies, especially in those on the morphology of plants, and on the comparative anatomy of animals. In these he seems to have anticipated some of the more striking teachings of evolution.

The moral defects of his character are only too apparent. Dr. A. H. Strong, in his critical study of this great writer, describes him as a man without conscience ; as incapable of true love ; as destitute of patriotism; as the poet of pantheism—the "great heathen" of modern times ; as a self-centred, cold-hearted egotist ; as in his old age a self-absorbed and fastidious Lothario, who sought continually, but sought in vain, to renew the raptures of his passionate youth. Goethe's concessions to Christianity, he considers, only apparent. "He had a habit of putting his thoughts into Christian language, while the substance of them was wholly pantheistic and pagan."

Dr. Strong adds the following stern indictment of the great poet of the Fatherland :

"To bring a whole nation, and to some extent a whole world, into the toils and under the bonds of a Pantheistic philosophy that knows no personal God, no freedom of will, no real responsibility for sin, no way of pardon and renewal, no certain hope of immortal life, is to be the agent of a moral and spiritual enslavement worse by far than any enslavement that is merely physical or political, because it is enslavement of the soul to falsehood and wickedness, and sure in due time to bring physical and political enslavement in its train. Over the door of the house where Goethe was born was carved a lyre and a star. He loved to think it a prognostication of his greatness as a poet. But the star was—

'A star that with the choral starry dance
Joined not, but stood, and standing saw
The hollow orb of moving circumstance
Rolled round by one fixed law.'

Tennyson is not too severe when he intimates that this abuse of intellectual power and this self-exaltation above truth and duty are signs not of human, but of diabolical greatness. It is Goethe whom he calls

'A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love beauty only, or, if good,
Good only for its beauty.'"

THINE AND MINE.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

If there be good in that I wrought
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine ;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all eternity's offence ;
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who lest all thought of Eden fade
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade,
And, manlike, stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest, Who hast made the fire,
Thou knowest, Who hast made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of Thy Worth,
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken ;
O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CAVEN, D.D.,

Principal of Knox College, Toronto.

Many of the Churches of Britain and America are proposing to celebrate the close of the nineteenth century and the opening of the twentieth by raising a large Special Fund for church purposes. The movement has not originated in any concerted action of these Churches; though doubtless the example of the Churches which were first in the matter has had influence upon those which moved later. This project will necessarily be regarded with much interest; and its success will, in some measure, bear witness to the vitality of the Christian faith in our day. Failure, in the case of any Church which has undertaken to raise a Commemorative Fund, is much to be deprecated, and would probably have a depressing effect upon the life and work of such Church. It cannot be doubted that, before committing themselves to this enterprise, the Churches have carefully considered the matter in all its bearings, and that they desire to proceed in it as a service to the Lord.

The twentieth century is to us a "terra incognita." What it may evolve is known only to Him who knows all things. But we can hardly doubt that the century about to enter will be marked by a continuance, perhaps an increase, of the marvellous activity of the human mind which, in so many provinces, has increasingly characterized the progress of the century now closing. In science and invention, in manufactures and commerce, in education and missions, the mighty movement of the nineteenth century will surely be carried forward; and many growths of the years which we have seen will be ripened by the century which is at hand. The divine purpose in regard to the world will hasten on towards its accomplishment.

The record of the nineteenth century is now almost completely unrolled. In comparison with preceding centuries we often hear it called a remarkable, a wonderful, century. We cannot well, it may be, compare centuries and eras with one another, so as to measure their relative importance. They all enter into God's plan, and are so linked together that each should be viewed as part of a whole. The history of the world will, when completed, be seen to be a unity. Periods of time which seem dull, colourless, eventless, will appear not less necessary than those which are crowded with great deeds and issues. Yet it is certainly right—as it is inevitable—that we should be impressed with the remarkable features of our century. It were, indeed, sinful and stupid should we not take account of God's hand in the events and movements which have passed before the eyes of ourselves and our fathers during these prolific years. For whether or not we are right in saying that the privilege of living in the nineteenth century is greater than that of having lived in any preceding period of the world's history, it may be confidently affirmed that there never was a time in which men have more earnestly wrestled with the great questions and problems which interest the race.

Our reference to the characteristics of our century must be of

the briefest. Let these things be noted :

1. The progress of scientific knowledge and the many applications of this knowledge, for the promotion of man's comfort and his mastery over nature. The terribly destructive power which science has put in the hands of war does not involve, perhaps, what it seems to represent; but even were it so, the humane and benevolent purposes to which science has ministered far more than counterbalance any potential evils implied in its advancement. Reflect upon the rapidity and comfort with which we now travel, upon the effects of an enlightened sanitation in promoting health, upon the reduction of suffering by the use of anesthetics in surgery ! And as these benign applications of scientific discovery are multiplied, a higher ideal of the daily life of human beings takes possession of the general mind.

2. The geographical discoveries of the century, we may say, have made us acquainted with every part of the world and its populations. The maps of Africa and regions of Asia which men, not yet very old, used at school are now obsolete. To what a marvellous extent these discoveries have extended commerce and opened up the way for civilization and Christianity !

3. The advancement of popular education is one of the most interesting and hopeful characteristics of the century. At the commencement of this century the educational condition of the masses in most countries, even in England, was a great reproach. The university and great public schools made ample provision for the education of the wealthy, but the people were left largely untaught. Now the educational movement has, in measure, affected every country in Europe, while in most of the German States we have a model for the nations of the world. The Protestant population of America, as all know, takes rank with the best educated communities of the Old World.

4. Political enfranchisement has made large progress among Anglo-Saxon and some other peoples during this century. The masses are recognized as part of the State, with full civil rights,— the promotion of whose interests must be regarded as a prime object of legislation.

5. The rapid increase of population in many countries, especially in Protestant countries, and the unexampled growth of cities, are facts which we cannot fail to notice in connection with the century. The social problems touching labour and capital, taxation, provision for the poor, etc., stand closely related to these facts. The extension of labour unions has undoubtedly been much promoted by this growth of population and of cities.

6. Above every other feature of the century it is proper that we should here note the missionary activity manifested by nearly every section of the Christian Church. Till the very end of the eighteenth century almost nothing in the way of enlarging the area of Christianity had been attempted for many hundreds of years. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was a great and salutary movement, but the Reformation had to fight for its own life, and could attempt little in the way of foreign missions. At present, the absence of missionary effort, or languor in the missionary cause, would be justly counted a most unfavourable symptom of the spiritual health of any Church. The sense of obligation to preach the Gospel to the whole creation has become strong in the Church of Christ. That exertions commensurate with the

magnitude and importance of the work are yet made we are far from saying, and we do not forget that the vast majority of the world's inhabitants are still in heathen darkness. The evangelization of the nations is, we may say, only commenced; the first-fruits only of modern missions have been gathered. Nevertheless, results highly encouraging have been realized. The message of peace has been carried to almost every land; converts number millions; and the Bible, in part or in whole, has been translated into most of the languages spoken by man. Into many of the principal languages a considerable Christian literature has been rendered; and, what is of great significance, several of the Churches formed from the heathen world have themselves become missionary centres, and are zealously diffusing the light which has shined upon them from heaven. In comparison with the vast sums which measure the revenue or the commerce or the wealth of Christian nations, the contributions of the Churches for missions—for all their work indeed—seem small; yet we note with thankfulness that the missionary revenue is still increasing, and when placed beside that of the earlier years of missionary effort shows distinctly that the tide is rising.

In our estimate of the condition of the nations called Christian we do not forget that there is another side of the shield, on which the inscription is less hopeful. We might, with too much truth, be reminded of the wide diffusion of unbelief; of estheticism and ritualism simulating religion; of worldliness, war of classes, militarism; of activity in church work, not accompanied with faith and love. But our object here is not to strike the balance between the good and the evil—the hopeful signs and the ominous signs—of the century. Were this attempted, we should have important deductions to make from the characteristics in which we all rejoice. But no person, we think, can, with unbiased mind, survey the entire trend and results of the century without seeing that the way is being prepared for the establishment of the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It must not be imagined that we would argue in favour of a fund such as is now proposed exclusively on the ground of the beneficent characteristics of the nineteenth century. Were this century far less remarkable among the centuries, the argument for making, at this juncture, a special effort to secure a great fund for Christian purposes would hardly be weakened. Were the nineteenth century one of the least fruitful centuries in the Christian era, it might, indeed, be not the less the duty of the Church to put forth special efforts to strengthen and extend the work of God in the coming days. The closing of one century and the opening of another so appeals to human sentiment as to suggest and encourage exceptional liberality on behalf of the kingdom of God; and when we survey the century now completing its circle, and mark its great features, the impulse to attempt something large for the cause of the Redeemer is certainly strengthened.

Let us look then a little more closely at the question whether the raising of a fund such as is proposed is a fit and proper way of commemorating the departing century, and preparing for that which is coming to the birth. Unless this question can be answered in the affirmative with some measure of decision—so answered as to carry the convictions of thoughtful and good people—the success of the scheme will be very

doubtful. Presumably this question has already been answered to the satisfaction of the Churches which have resolved to go forward with the effort; yet it may not be entirely useless briefly to state reasons why the Churches should heartily address themselves to the work placed before their liberality by their governing bodies.

As a preliminary question, we may ask whether the raising of Century Funds so large as those proposed is a practicable thing? Not to refer to Churches in other countries, can the Methodist Church of Canada and the Presbyterian Church in Canada each raise in two years a fund of $1,000,000, while their ordinary annual revenue shall not suffer in any department of it? An affirmative reply may, I think, be given without hesitation. A large proportion of the wealth of the country is in the hands of the members and adherents of the Churches. But a small proportion, indeed, belongs to the limited number who have no church connection. The sum aimed at by the Churches named, to be raised in two years, is less than half of the annual income of either; and none will affirm that these or any other branches of the Church, in Canada or elsewhere, are giving for the cause of Christ to their utmost ability. It appears to be established that the percentage of giving in the Churches which do best is much below one-tenth—probably not over one-sixteenth part—of the revenue of their members. Whether the obligation of the tithe is still binding or not we do not here discuss; but since many Church members give the tenth or more of their income, and are not straitened thereby, it cannot possibly be shown that the Church is unable to improve on the present rate of liberality. If the question, then, is whether the Churches have resources sufficient to provide the sums specified, there can be no doubt respecting the answer. The disposition to give must exist on the part of the people, and proper means for eliciting their liberality must be employed, but the adequacy of their resources is beyond dispute.

In giving direct answer to the question touching the propriety and wisdom of the proposal to create a Commemorative Fund, let the following considerations receive attention:

1. The objects to be promoted by the fund are proper and necessary. What are they? Missions home and foreign, theological education, the support of aged and infirm ministers and of widows and orphans of ministers, and the liquidation of heavy congregational debts and debts on other church property; these at least are the principal objects which will benefit by the fund. It is not proposed, so far as we are aware, to endow the ordinary mission work, which, in all the strength of its claims, should make it appeal to the Churches all the time; but in respect to mission buildings of various kinds, working balances for mission funds, etc., the great cause of missions will receive full recognition. The educational work of the Church and its charitable schemes are very properly maintained, in part, at least, by endowment; and part of the fund will be devoted to these purposes. That these are worthy objects the Churches have long ago determined, and neither their necessity nor the wisdom of promoting them by an increased liberality is open to doubt. To oppose any of these objects were to proclaim oneself out of sympathy with the life and aims of the Church of Christ. There may be special reasons why this or that individual, this or that congrega-

tion, should be specially interested in some particular department of the Church's work, but all intelligent and right-minded members of our churches will approve of every object which the Church courts have named as beneficiaries of the fund.

2. But the question whether the raising of such a fund as the Church courts have approved of is a good method of promoting the work of the Church—a method that should meet with hearty approval—remains to be answered. That we should do all in our power to maintain the cause of the Redeemer does not need to be argued, and but few would say that at present the Church is giving up to the measure of its ability. That there is room for increase in liberality may be regarded, indeed, as the universal opinion. It is quite possible, however, to take ground against special efforts, such as the proposed Century Fund implies. Better, it may be said, in supporting the Lord's work, to increase our regular contributions according to our ability. Let us give, year by year, "as the Lord hath prospered us." There is risk, it may be argued, that putting forth a great effort at a particular season may result in a diminution of stated liberality—may lessen our annual support of the Church's schemes—and thus prove injurious rather than helpful in the end. Steady, intelligent, conscientious giving rather than spasmodic effort is what we require. Better to apply our strength continuously, according to the measure of it, than by an heroic exertion to incur exhaustion, and then sink into lethargy.

Were exhaustion and lethargy the necessary result of a large effort such as is contemplated, it were certainly wise not to attempt anything of the kind. But the Churches are quite aware of the danger, and have emphatically urged that the ordinary church revenues shall not be suffered to decline while the fund is being raised. In advocating the fund, it has also been insisted on that the rate of giving should be maintained at a higher standard after this special effort is completed. If, by success in this effort, the consciousness of ability to dedicate to God a larger proportion of our means shall be awakened or strengthened in Christian people, we may surely hope that the ratio of giving will be permanently increased, and that a larger liberality shall become a feature of the century on which we are about to enter. May divine grace insure this result!

But we may confidently affirm that Scripture examples and rules harmonize with the common sentiment of mankind in support of the view that specially important occasions, and the reception of special blessings call for special consecration of our substance to God. The erection of the Tabernacle and the Temple evoked exceptional liberality. When the Tabernacle was to be erected "they came, both men and women, as many as were willing hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold; and every man offered, offered an offering of gold unto the Lord. And every man with whom was found blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and red skins of rams, and badgers' skins, brought them."—Exodus xxxv. 22, 23. When the Temple was dedicated, "Solomon offered unto the Lord two and twenty thousand oxen, and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep."—1 Kings viii. 63.

Under the laws, persons who sinned or trespassed, presented their sin-offering or trespass-offering. Free-will offerings were

grateful returns for special blessings received. Apart from the tithe, which may in a sense correspond to our usual church contributions, occasions manifold called for dedication of property to God's service; and in this Old Testament piety rejoiced. The grateful heart, and also the contrite heart, prompt to acts of liberality towards Him who is bountiful and merciful. It is a pleasure to show, in some substantial way, gratitude to our fellowmen for favours received; and the same disposition will incline us—will impel us—to make such returns as we can to Him who giveth all. We mark special dealings of God with us—in sorrow as well as in joy—by consecrating to Him of our property. A successful business transaction, recovery from illness of oneself or of a member of one's family, the death of one dear to us, will so open the heart that we must make an offering to God. God's goodness to ourselves, our family, our city, our country, will so incline us. Yes, sanctified sorrow as well as sanctified joy will express itself in gifts and offerings: "I will go into thy house with burnt offerings. I will pay thee my vows, which my lips have uttered and my mouth hath spoken when I was in trouble. I will offer unto thee burnt offerings of fatlings, with the incense of rams; I will offer bullocks with goats. Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?"

If God's dealings with His children personally thus affect them, not less certainly will hearts expanded by Christian benevolence be ready to acknowledge His dealings with their nation, with the world. Great indeed will be our blindness if, in reviewing the century now closing, we fail to recognize the wise, bountiful and gracious hand of the Almighty. He is leading towards the glorious consummation of which all the prophets speak. He is filling the earth with His presence, and calling His people, we may reverently say, as hardly before, to work with and for Him in the evangelization of the world. Who that fills his thought with His wonders and mighty acts during this century, and lifts the eye of faith and hope towards the coming century will not rejoice to bring some special offering to Him who rules over all?

In order that this oblation may be acceptable to God and beneficial to the Church, there are two conditions under which it must be presented. To one of these reference has already been made. It is: *that the ordinary revenue of the Church, for both home and foreign work, shall not suffer on account of this Special Fund.* The members of the Church must give not less than now for the maintenance of their own congregations and for the missionary and other general work to which the Church is committed, while the Century Fund is under way. For the neglect of this duty there could be no compensation in anything which the fund might accomplish. Were the ordinary revenues seriously depressed, everything would sustain loss; the machinery of the Church would be thrown out of gear, pastors and missionaries would suffer, and, worst of all, the spiritual condition of the Church would decline, by reason of the neglect of weighty obligations. It is not difficult for a Conference or General Assembly to resolve that the Century Fund shall not impair the ordinary revenue; and it is right so to resolve; but the greatest activity and vigilance will be required to

avert this result. It is highly desirable that the Churches should even maintain, during the two years or more of building up the Special Fund, the nearly uninterrupted advance in liberality which has been annually recorded.

The other, and certainly not less important, condition is *that the business of raising the fund shall be entered on and carried out as an act of service to God, and with the earnest desire that true spiritual revival shall accompany and crown the effort.* Should the temper in which the work is undertaken be that of pride and boastfulness; should denominational rivalry take possession of us, or even largely mingle with purer motives, our offering, as tainted, would not find acceptance when laid upon the altar.

We do not doubt, however, that the Churches which have resolved on the Twentieth Century Fund have done so after much prayer, as well as after full discussion of the scheme, in principle and details. Let prayer continue to be made in congregation and families, not merely for success in collecting the money, but that the Spirit may be poured out upon the Lord's heritage, and that times of refreshing may come from His presence.

THE SILENT YEARS.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

A Master followed by a band
Of twelve disciples through the land,
Teaching as never man had taught,
Of truths beyond our human thought;
A Wonder-worker, at whose word
The blind eyes saw, the deaf ears heard,
And Death itself, its long reign o'er,
Unloosed its icy hand of power;
A King, who held no earthly throne
Yet claimed all nations as his own;
A Victim lifted up on high
That all the world might see Him die;
A risen Saviour, by the sea
Walking with men in Galilee—
Thus to our eyes the Lord appears
Throughout the three mysterious years
Which sum the ministry and death
Of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Yet there were other years than these—
A child beneath the olive-trees,
A lad who learned and who obeyed,
A worker in a humble trade,
A man amid the life of men,
Who knew its drudgery, its pain,
Its homely joys, its heavy fears,
For thirty silent, loving years.
Ah! here as deep a message lies
As in the cross and sacrifice.
And here the Son of God is shown
The Son of Man, and claims His own.

Yea, even as thirty is to three,
So, if our eyes had power to see,
Not only by the church's door
Christ stands, but oftener in the roar
Of busy marts, by plane and loom,
Within the factory's crowded room,
Where labourers drudge with arm and tool,
On wharf and ship, in shop and school,
And claims each worker, by this sign,
"I too have toiled; thy toil is Mine;
I too have lived thy life of care
And borne the burdens thou dost bear;
Not from My cross I call to thee,
But from thy side—come learn of Me!"

O Son of Man! grant us to see
Thy full, divine humanity!
We exile Thee in shrines and creeds
Far from the many and their needs,
Forgetting that Thy chosen spot
Was just the common human lot;
Yet still Thou comest back again
To stand among Thy brother-men,
And still, if we would serve Thee best,
Love to Thy brethren is Thy test;
Yea, on Thy cross we look to see
Thy hands, nail-pierced so cruelly,
And find them still the hands that drove
The plane, and blessed in holy love
The household meal—the hands that thus,
Divine, yet human, hold for us
All help for human life below,
All hope for that to which we go.

—*The Outlook.*

HYMNS WE SING.

BY THE REV. O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., D.D.

"Let me make the nation's songs, and I care not who makes its laws," clearly intimates that its author believed that the songs we sing are more potent in the formation of national character than are the educational forces of legal enactments. If this estimate of value be a correct one, then Church authorities cannot be too careful in the selection and publication of the "Songs of Zion." It is a matter for devout thanksgiving that our Methodist Hymnal is such an inspiring and instructive song treasury. The hymns we sing impart sound teaching, awaken holy aspirations, strengthen saving faith, and kindle purest emotions of love and gratitude.

Believing that a better knowledge of the origin of these sacred lyrics will tend to larger enjoyment and larger helpfulness, I have ventured to give, in this second article on this subject, an account of the origin, and suggestive incidents connected with some of the "hymns we sing."

Of Charles Wesley's immortal lyric, "Jesus, lover of my soul," it easily goes for the saying that scarcely any other can contend therewith for the place of supremacy. Henry Ward Beecher said, "I would rather have written that hymn than to have the fame of all the kings of all the earth." Its phraseology indicates that it was born of the sea. Shortly before it was written, Mr. Wesley had been "in perils in the deep." Voyaging homeward, in 1741, his vessel was overtaken by a terrific storm, and had well-nigh foundered. Escaping from the fury of the waves, the poet thought of life's storm-tossed sea, and sang :

"While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:"

And from a heart filled with gratitude for deliverance and safe return to the home-land, he prayed :

"Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

Few hymns have been so fruitful in help and blessing to dying mortals; and myriads of redeemed spirits have passed from the toils and storms of earth into the eternal refuge, saying or singing :

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Incidents almost numberless could be recited. But space is limited and few must suffice.

On a winter's day, in 1872, a Christian worker of New York was visiting the Bellevue Hospital. He was requested to see an unknown British sailor, who was nearing the gates of the unseen world. Into what seemed to him the dull ear of death he recited the words of Wesley's immortal hymn, and departed, believing the lonely mariner to have launched out upon the eternal sea. But at the midnight hour there came a voice from that cot that echoed through the stillness of the ward, and these were the words it said :

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,"

Every line of every verse was distinctly pronounced, to the closing petition :

"Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."

For a few moments longer he assayed to repeat other sacred songs of love and home. But the end had come, and his lips were

sealed in death. No message ever reached the hospital unfolding the mystery of this stranger's life. But who can tell what bridges were thrown across the gulf of memory by the sound of these familiar words, and what angels of mercy travelled over them, bringing hope and comfort to the lonely voyager putting out upon the silent sea.

One of the most interesting incidents grouped around this famous hymn was in connection with a shipwrecked vessel that stress of storm had stranded on a rugged English coast. With pitiful hearts, but powerless hands, a group of shore people gazed upon this scene of suffering and death. Soon, however, the broken ship and all its living freight, save one, went down in the surging waters. Clinging to a fragment of the wreck one lonely man was seen. What could be done to help or save him? No boat could live in such a sea. Possibly some message of cheer might be wafted over the waters. So a trumpet was placed in the hands of the old village pastor. What could he say at such a time as this? He thought of texts and sermons and sayings. But the message must be brief. Then, raising the trumpet to his lips, he shouted, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?" Over the waves came back the answer, almost smothered by the tempest's roar, "Ay, ay, sir." They watched, they prayed, they listened. Suddenly one said, "He is singing." Then, bending to catch the message from the deep, above the tumult of the storm was heard the murmur of these lines:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

A great tide of emotion swept over the hearts of the listeners, as again they faintly heard:

"While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Then fainter still came the earnest prayer:

"Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

Still they listened for the soul's cry of need in the second verse, and soon it came. With faintest whisperings, yet in trustful tones, he sang:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"

Then the frail raft, that held him above the waves, was shattered by the storm, and the singer's voice was hushed in the overwhelming flood. And on shore they said, "He has passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

Not only has this matchless hymn afforded solace to multitudes of suffering, dying mortals, but it has also been a shield from death itself. Some years ago the passengers of an ocean steamer were assembled in her cabin, on a Sabbath evening, for a "service of song." After many beautiful and beloved hymns had been sung, they all joined in "Jesus, lover of my soul," before they sought the night's repose. Among that ship's company of singers one man's voice sounded out with peculiar richness and power. Turning to him another fellow-passenger said, "I do not know your face, but I think I have heard your voice before. Were you in the Civil War?" The reply was, "Yes, I was a Confederate soldier." Again the questioner said, "Were you at such a place on such a night?"

The answer was, "Yes, and something most extraordinary occurred, of which this hymn has just reminded me. I was stationed on sentry duty, near the edge of a wood. The night was dark and cold, and as the enemy

was near by, I was somewhat afraid. At the midnight hour, when all was still, I was feeling homesick and miserable. So to cheer my faltering spirits, I resolved to sing and pray, and I distinctly remember singing this hymn :

" ' All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

Immediately a strange peace came upon me, and I felt no more fear the long night through."

Then said the first speaker, " Let me tell my part in the incident of that memorable night. I was a Union officer, in charge of a scouting party. We were in the wood near you at the time. I saw your form, but not your face. My men had covered you with their rifles, and were waiting for the word to fire. But when your rich, trustful voice sang out :

" ' Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing,'

I said, ' Boys, lower your rifles. We will go back to camp.' "

The world's artists win undying fame through years of plodding toil; but the world's poets often secure immortality from the inspiration of an hour. This was specially true in the case of Reginald Heber, the poet-bishop of India. Among the many agencies that have tended to inspire and inaugurate the present " Forward Movement for Missions," the hymn, " From Greenland's icy mountains," occupies a foremost place. For nearly three quarters of a century Heber's immortal hymn has been stirring the great heart of the Church to bear the message of salvation to dying men the wide world over.

At the time of writing this hymn, Heber was rector of a Shropshire church, in England, and was invited by his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, of Wrexham, to deliver the first of a series of Sabbath evening missionary discourses, at Whitsuntide, in his parish church. On the Saturday afternoon previous to his engagement, Heber was enjoying a pleasant hour with congenial friends in Dr. Shipley's rectory, when the Dean, suddenly remembering his son-in-law's poetic genius, said, " Reginald, write something for us to sing at the service to-morrow."

Retiring to another part of the room, from a heart full of love for perishing souls and longing to bring them the light, he speedily wrote the first three verses of this now world-famous missionary lyric. Having read them, the dean and his friends were loud in their praise, and wished him to leave the hymn untouched. But in the mind of the author it lacked completion of thought, so he added the fourth thought, which has been the clarion call to missionary givings and goings, through all the passing years. That night the hymn was printed, and at the next morning service was first outbreathed in Christian song. Little did Heber realize in that morning hour that he was listening to the first strains of his own immortality.

Four years later he was appointed Bishop of India, and sailed for that far-off land, whence " spicy breezes " herald to the voyager approach to fragrant plains and fruitful groves. For three short years only was it permitted this great heart to proclaim the joyful tidings " to men benighted," when he was translated into the truer immortality of the skies. But his ardent missionary spirit, breathed in every line of his hymn, shall yet inspire the Christian Church to send forth the Gospel message,

" Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name."

Among evangelistic workers, Charlotte Elliott's hymn,

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

is one of the most favourably known and widely used. What revealings of the human heart, what unfoldings of Christly compassion, what assurances of divine acceptance and willingness to "pardon, cleanse, relieve," all who come to Him, are therein contained. The origin of the hymn is charged with peculiar interest. One evening, the Rev. Dr. Malan was being entertained at Miss Elliott's home in Geneva, Switzerland. In the course of conversation, this distinguished missionary specially emphasized the importance of personal religion. The young lady, who was in failing health at the time, somewhat resented the Doctor's close questioning. A few days afterward, however, she expressed regret for what she called her former rudeness, and said to him, "I do not know how to find Christ, and I want you to help me." The Doctor's answer was brief and pointed, "Come to Him just as you are."

Little did either of them imagine the time would ever come when this hope-inspiring message would be wafted around the world on the wings of Christian song. To the author it became the means not only of her own conversion, but also the inspiration of a Gospel in song that possibly may serve more than any other single hymn to swell the chorus of the skies. What multitudes of sin-laden and almost despairing hearts have found pardon and peace by carrying out the purpose expressed in this hymn, "O Lamb of God, I come."

For more than sixty years the use of this hymn, in revival and evangelistic work, has been attended with gracious and soul-saving power. And as it is found in all church hymnals and sung by Christian workers the wide world over, many incidents of deep and thrilling interest could be cited, such as the following:

In the summer of 1895, the Rev. Dr. Couch, pastor of a leading Methodist church in Brooklyn, N.Y., had made special preparation for a certain Sabbath evening service. But the night was wet and warm, and the people for whom the sermon was intended were absent. The Doctor was disappointed, and somewhat perplexed. But looking up, he prayed, "Lord help me." Immediately a familiar text was recalled from memory's store, and, changing the hymns, he announced, "Just as I am, without one plea." The windows and doors of the sanctuary were open wide, and the words of this song, so clearly voicing the soul's need and resolve, were borne out upon the evening air. In his room near by, a young lawyer, the son of a preacher, was lying upon his couch. The windows of his room also being open, every word of this message of hope was borne in upon his soul. In choosing this hymn, the pastor was unaware of the fact that it had been sung a few minutes before, in the young people's service.

The next morning the minister received a message from the lawyer requesting him to call at his office on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock, and adding the words, "Please fail not, as I have something important to tell you." At the appointed hour Dr. Couch entered the lawyer's room. Grasping the pastor's extended hand, with tearful eyes and trembling voice, he said:

"I want to tell you that I have found the Lord Jesus Christ to be my Saviour." And he immediately added, "Let me tell you how this was brought about. On

Sabbath evening I was lying here thinking over the past and the future; reflecting upon my father's teaching and my mother's prayers, and wishing it were possible for me to be a Christian. But I thought that I had resisted so many gracious influences, and had sinned against so much light and love, that mine was now a hopeless case. At that moment, in the young people's meeting, they began to sing :

" 'Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!'

And I said, Does He mean that I should come to Him now? Is there forgiveness yet for me? And I said, No, it cannot be. I remember when that loving voice said, 'My son, give me thy heart.' But I have resisted too long now. Oh, how I wish I might come. And while thus filled with unrest and longings, you began the service in the audience room with :

" 'Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,'

I said, What does this mean? Can it be possible that He bids me come to Him after all my refusals and neglect? It must be so. That hymn was repeated for me, and I cried out, 'O Lamb of God, I come now, just as I am.' Dark and sleepless was the night, but when the morning light filled my room, His light and joy filled my soul, and I knew He saved me. But I thought I would wait another day before telling you, that I might be sure it was not only a transient emotion. Now I know that Jesus takes me as I am. What joy this news will bring to the dear father and mother in the home place."

Countless are the multitudes in all lands to whom this sweet hymn has been a guiding star, leading to the mercy seat, where they have found an ever-loving Saviour, ready to "welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve," all that come to Him. No wonder that a brother of the authoress, who himself enjoyed a long and successful pastorate, once said : "While I rejoice because of many souls gathered into the fold of God through the years of my ministry, I verily believe that countless multitudes will join in the 'song of Moses and the Lamb,' because of this hope-inspiring song that came from the heart and pen of my beloved sister."

Another of the best known and most beloved hymns of modern times is that of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams,

" Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Not only has it found its way into all the hymn-books of the English tongue, but it has been translated into many foreign languages. And in all lands, and among all peoples, it voices forth the earnest desire of the truly Christian heart. Few hymns have been more severely criticised, because of its supposed Unitarian colouring, as the name of Christ does not appear in any of its lines. Yet few hymns have so won their way to popular favour throughout the Christian world. Like many another hymn that has become famous, it was written not to secure immortality for itself or its author, but was rather the outflowing desire of a devout soul.

Mrs. Adams was the second daughter of Mr. Benjamin Flower, of Cambridge, England. At an early age she manifested much literary taste and ability, and her productions both in prose and verse are quite numerous. But for this one hymn alone, "people and realms of every tongue" will speak her name with loving gratitude.

At the age of twenty-nine Miss Flower was united in marriage to

W. B. Adams, himself an author of no mean repute in the world of science. Mrs. Adams was a great lover of sacred music, and as she neared "the bounds of life" her lips burst forth in joyful but unconscious praise; thus realizing the aspirations of her soul, as expressed in the closing verse of her immortal hymn.

This hymn contains a beautiful study of Jacob's vision at Luz. In the second verse, we have the picture of the Hebrew youth going forth sad and burdened at heart. At night time we see him piling up a stony pillow, and lying down to solitary slumber, hoping that his dreams will draw him nearer to his God. "Then with his waking thoughts" he recalled the glorious vision of the night, and the lonely spot became a Bethel, because of the Presence Divine.

To multitudes in their sorrow and loneliness has this beautiful hymn brought hope and consolation. Bishop Marvin tells us that during the war of the Secession, he was driven from home by the Federal troops. Alone, on horseback, he wandered away into the wilderness of Arkansas. He knew not what to do or where to go. Lonely and disheartened, he approached a miserable looking hut in the forest. As he drew near he heard a voice, tremulous with age, but trustful in tone, singing :

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Dismounting, he entered that humble abode, and found an old woman in the midst of such poverty as he had never seen, yet gratefully singing this precious Christian hymn, and the servant of God went on his way cheered and strengthened by the faith which he saw and the song which he heard.

After the battle of Fort Donalson, as a corps of the Christian Commission was searching the field for wounded and dying soldiers, they came across a young drummer lad. His body was broken and mangled by the thickly flying shafts of death, but his young heart was true and brave. Quickly they sought to bear him to the rear. While so doing the wounded lad began to sing. Above the din and strife of war, through the murky atmosphere, laden with the smoke of battle, was heard the almost childish voice of the boy singing :

"There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee."

But ere they reached the shelter of the hospital's fold, he had entered the sheltering fold of the skies. From that spot, that seemed so far removed from God and goodness, he was caught up to share in the nearer vision of those who surround His throne in glory.

From the manifest reference to Jacob's vision contained in this hymn, it will not be thought strange that with all Christian pilgrims who pass through the Holy Land it has been especially beloved. Whenever such caravans halt or camp near the spot where visioned angels cheered the lonely wayfarer a long time ago, they should now sing :

"Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise."

Thus has this hymn become doubly precious to the Christian heart; because it not only breathed out the longing aspirations of the child of God, but because it also links us to the land marked by the footsteps of the blessed Redeemer, whose life and death are the outcome of God's all-gracious plan whereby a rebel race might be brought near to Him.

Pickering, Ont.

WOMEN AND THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

BY MRS. MAY R. THORNLEY,

President of the Ontario Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The Temperance Reform is not the sole, or even peculiar concern, of either man or woman. The notion that women have been foreordained to stand in the forefront of this battle, of heart and conscience against pocket-book and appetite, has doomed to disaster many a promising sortie against the enemy. "The brethren" do not like rearward work, and when, in their chivalric determination to give due prominence to "the ladies," they have insisted upon their occupying the front ranks, it has later developed that the army consisted of a vanguard only! Perhaps a desperate resistance may, for the time being, have wrung victory from overwhelming odds, but it was not a permanent gain; it never will be, till sex lines are obliterated. The Waterloo of the temperance cause will be officered and fought by the parenthood of this nation.

Nevertheless, because at one time woman's sphere of influence, so far as public questions were concerned, was rigidly marked (and even yet has tangible boundary lines), it may not be amiss to consider the part the sex has taken in creating the present-day status of the liquor traffic, both in law and sentiment.

It is quite impossible to touch such a topic without falling back in thought to the Woman's Crusade, initiated in Fredonia, N.Y., December 15th, 1873. This was not alone the inaugural of woman's work; it gave shape and direction to subsequent efforts for both sexes. But as this mustering of the mothers has been so often and fully described, we will consider only a few of its imperishable results. Memory will recall the historical outlines of this notable revolt against the crushing domination of the liquor oligarchy.

WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM.

If asked, "What would you consider the most important product of the participation of woman in temperance work?" my answer would certainly be, "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, born of the pangs and agony of those fateful Crusade days." Yet, as we are to deal with principles and not instruments, I must place first the introduction of the spiritual element into organized effort against the saloon. This will be denied only by those ignorant of the facts. Temperance societies had, as old Gosner of Berlin put it, when the Bible Society of that German city decided to limit its devotion to silent prayer, "made their courtesy to the Almighty;" but of real waiting upon him "for the enduement from on high" they knew little.

The traffic was to the women, as to their brethren, the enemy of individual life, the home and the State; but it was more than that: it was Jehovah's most blasphemous and implacable opponent. Loyalty to Christ must of necessity entail an enmity to the liquor business that could be satisfied only with its complete extinction.

Ranging themselves with eternal right, they looked at the horrid carnival of suffering, woe and vice, that pours its tide of red-ruin from the legalized bar-room, and realized that the dive-keeper and his victim were alike creatures of God, with a deathless destiny, and that

they equally needed the gospel of temperance. Custom and greed had, humanly speaking, impregnably intrenched the trade. There was but one hope of final victory, and that lay in the Power to whom the beleaguered Jehosaphat appealed—"Art not thou God in heaven? and rulest not thou over all the kingdoms of the heathen? and in thine hand is there not power and might, so that none is able to withstand thee?"

This view of the situation lifted public endeavour against the drink traffic from a humanitarian, or patriotic, into a religious duty. The weary warriors in this nineteenth-century Armageddon found a new motive for action, at once the highest and most unselfish possible of entertainment; and if not a new method of work—for "prayer is labour"—at least a great broadening of one, old, but much neglected.

When, if ever, there comes a change in this order of procedure, and, in the conception of women, they become the executive head and the Lord a kind of beneficent store-house of power, standing ready at their beck and call, to pour out unlimited blessings upon their small schemes and enterprises, then the force that has animated their puny strength, enabling it to move mountains of sin and prejudice, will have vanished.

Be it regretfully recorded that of late years, in Canadian temperance circles, the united work of men and women has not been characterized by the deep spirituality that would have prevented marring discords and have set our sacred cause above party strifes. Let us look for and hasten the coming of a better day.

A RADICAL CHANGE.

One of the immediate sequences of a higher tone of spiritual life was a renovation of the temperance platform. Who that is past forty cannot, from his own memory, attest this?

It used to be the correct thing for the temperance orator to simulate drunkenness; leaven his discourses with jokes, not to be tolerated elsewhere, unless at a Methodist tea-meeting; and close with a pitiful poetic effusion. The address was an appeal to the sentiments, and not an attempt to build, or strengthen, deep heart-convictions, founded on great scientific and moral principles. Stories were the chief stock-in-trade. Not infrequently you had the impression that the speaker had first selected his illustrations; arranged them at regular intervals; then bent and blended the groundwork of the address to fit the unavoidable interstices. If of average memory, you carried away a half-dozen anecdotes, amusing or pathetic, and next day wondered what connection there could have been between these stories and the topic. The illustrations had "pointed" nothing but themselves.

Without doubt the incomparable J. B. Gough was indirectly responsible for much of this platform froth. His style secured hosts of less talented imitators, who gave "Hamlet, with Hamlet left out."

When the Lord Almighty came, in the person of His Holy Spirit, to lead the army of attack, popguns gave place to Mausers and Martinis, and great Krupp guns thundered forth the dictates of Divinity, written in natural and spiritual law.

To be successful under the new regime the speaker must bring to his audience either a heart appeal, or information of value. So long as highly spiced nonsense, to tickle the mental palate, was tolerated as the staple article on the platform bill of fare, the liquorites were

rival caterers; but when we relegated such unsubstantials to the entree list, they were out of the race. The facts and the figures were with us; conscience and experience responded to them, and God Himself attested the truth. This radical change in tactics resulted in the complete abandonment, on the part of the liquor party, of this means of defence. In our late plebiscite campaign, the Montreal Witness was fortunate enough to secure and publish the secret instructions of the Trade Executive to its followers. One of these was a peremptory prohibition of the use of the platform, on the ground that public discussion redounded, not to their profit, but to that of the prohibition party.

DENOMINATIONAL BARRIERS.

Another gain to the cause, by the advent of women workers, was a partial obliteration of denominational lines. Women are very tenacious of their religious beliefs and church fellowships. Left to themselves they would probably have heightened, instead of lessened, that which is coming to be considered a genuine obstacle to the progress of Christianity—the want of co-operation between the various evangelical denominations. But woman entered her temperance kingdom with the cloven tongue of flame upon her head, and as she found herself side by side with her sisters of other faiths, all equally called and endued, the sharp lines of demarkation, reared by "foolish and ignorant questionings that gender strifes," faded away. During the Crusade, by hundreds and thousands, they kneeled together in churches, on side-walks, in barrooms. No one troubled to ask the cut of her neighbour's ecclesiastical garments; the one thought was to rout the adversary. If the soldier's musket was banging away in the right direction, who cared about the colour and shape of the regimentals.

When this moral earthquake was over it was conceded that its beneficent results could be conserved only by immediate, permanent state and national organization. This was effected, and every shade of doctrine (consonant with acceptance of Christ as the world's Saviour) found itself represented in the new society. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was a wonderful leveller of picayune theological distinctions. To its membership it said, "Why dost thou set at naught thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ."

I have just laid down a letter from one of our two Provincial W. C. T. U. missionaries—Miss Agnes Sproule, of Fort William. Miss Sproule is now making a tour of Algoma, the vast territory under her care. She is visiting the small hamlets through the Rainy River district, and the Lord Himself has truly gone before her. Speaking of the little village she had just left she says—"There is a population of barely four hundred people. The Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians, all have churches and ministers, yet there are three hotels and a liquor store, and the Methodist minister assures me that he knows of but six men in the place who do not drink. The Baptist clergyman added, "It would be necessary to count the ministers to get the six."

Would it not be timely to begin, at home, that agitation against overlapping, that is finding favour in foreign missionary fields? Better make it possible for Dunn and Bradstreet to give, besides the population, banking town and railroad connection of each small settlement, its stripe of theological

preference, than to so divide the forces of good that they are weak and powerless before the strongholds of sin.

LEGAL PROTECTION.

It was man who first conceived the idea of building a legal fence about the liquor business. It was left to woman to discover that this barbed-wire palisade protected the business, and not the people.

When the crusaders began their services of song and prayer in saloons and liquor-selling drug-stores, they supposed themselves on safe ground. None were so blind as to deny the evils of intoxicants; the law had amply recognized them; who could gainsay the right to plead for the lives of loved ones, with those who lay in wait to destroy them. They were speedily undeceived. The manufacturing of drunkards was a law-sanctioned industry. It could not be hindered, without subjecting the hinderer to severe penalties. So many a godly woman, for the first time in her life, saw the inside of the town, or city, lock-up. She found, to her dismay, between herself and her hereditary foe, a veritable Chinese wall of legal protection, that must be scaled before the fight could even begin.

This was not all. This same spiked enclosure, that securely shut her out, was conveniently devoid of barbs on its inner side, and could be moved about at will. By consequence, the Sabbath and other restrictive regulations were dead letters. Everybody knew it, but few heeded it, till, on Sunday, December 14, 1873, Mother Stewart bought her world-renowned glass of sherry wine. It was only a ten-cent transaction, yet through its medium the nation looked into ten thousand bar-rooms, crowded with their back-door, Lord's day patrons. Here the Church caught a glimpse of its rival and the no-license advocate got a knock-down argument, that, with many additions and variations, has served him in good stead ever since.

It was estimated, further, that out of every three enactments then existing, re the manufacture or sale of liquors, two were designed to safeguard the interests of the saloonist and the third was sufficiently loopholed to prevent his serious injury. This was matter of common knowledge among the legal fraternity; the people were culpably ignorant. But when the women, urged on and loyally aided by their brothers, began to turn supposed temperance howitzers upon the entrenchments of the enemy, experience proved that the charge was as likely to spread devastation to the rear as to the fore. What then? If restrictions would not restrict and temperance amendments would not amend—there was nothing for it but to prohibit; and so the Woman's Christian Temperance Union took up Neal Dow's famous discovery and popularized it.

Prohibition became, not the far-away millennium day settlement of the issue, but the ever-present goal of every aim and hope. The liquor-sympathizer and apologizer may cry aloud his compromise wares, sometimes deceiving "even the elect." But prohibitionists will go on ringing their knell of doom, until the last vestige of life has flickered out of the rum-bloated face and the beer-dimmed eyes of this Goliath of Perdition.

And if in the crucial period in which we find ourselves to-day, the women of Canada are unfaltering in their allegiance to the fundamental principle upon which the W. C. T. U. rests—"the liquor traffic cannot be licensed without sin," they will render to their holy cause the greatest service yet permitted them. Government ownership, high license, and any

other scheme for revivifying and deodorizing the doomed and decaying traffic, must be resisted with all the might of prayer and faith-filled effort.

A DISADVANTAGE.

But I cannot close this already too lengthy article without mention of a grave disadvantage under which women have always laboured. On a tombstone in India may be found this curious inscription : "This monument was erected to the memory of John Jenkins, who was accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother." Many centuries ago our brethren killed us, politically, as a mark of their regard for us (so they say), and ever since we have been forced to expend a ton of effort to lift a pound in weight, if that pound lay within the limits of the public domain. For some decades back we have been restive under these legal bonds. We could tolerate a little less regard, if thereby we might secure a little more liberty.

Since the franchise laws have been relegated to Provincial Legislatures, the bow of promise begins to meet overhead. To take advantage of changed conditions, the Ontario W. C. T. U. is circulating petitions, to be presented to the Provincial Government, asking the enfranchisement of women on the same terms as of men. Any reader of this article, willing to assist in the gathering of signatures, is earnestly invited to write to Miss Charlotte Wiggins, Provincial Superintendent Franchise, W. C. T. U., 19 Metcalfe Street, Toronto, for literature and information.

Women have ever been martial of spirit. They have aided and cheered on every righteous, and some unrighteous, conflicts; but have shrunk from active participation, awaiting the day when liberty's battles should be fought with tongue, and pen, and ballot, and not with sword, and spear, and Maxim gun. That day has dawned. Its sun is climbing towards the zenith of political equality. Once reached, shall not the Joshua of the twentieth century fix it in its orbit, until the enemies of the Lord are vanquished ?

HE LEADETH ME.

In pastures green? Not always ; sometimes He
Who knowest best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine, into darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,

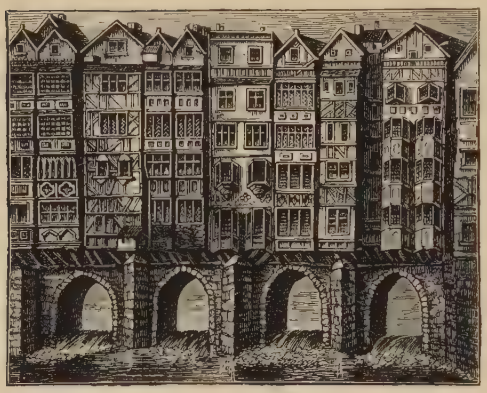
Only for this—I know He holds my hand ;
So whether led in green or desert land,
I trust—although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so ;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go !

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the dear Lord standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I !"

So, where He leads me, I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

THE CABOT QUADRICENTENNIAL.



OLD BRISTOL BRIDGE.

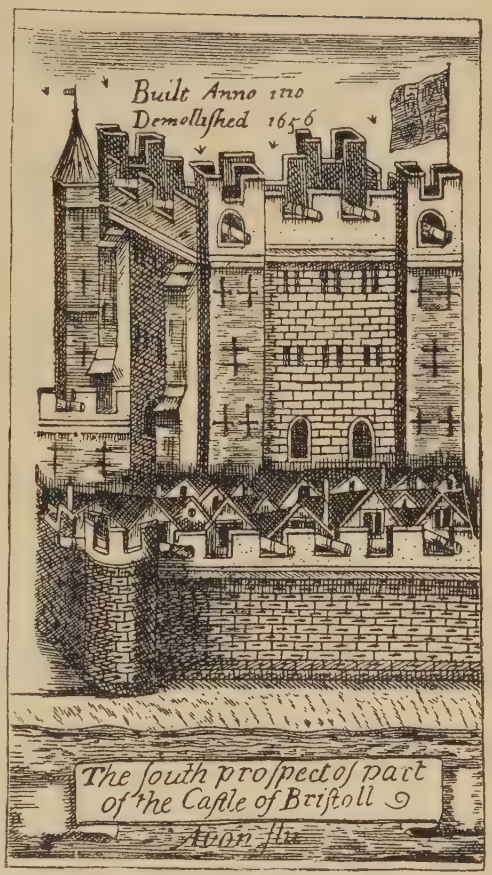
Two years ago the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the mainland of the North American Continent was celebrated with great eclat both in Canada and Great Britain. The Canadian celebration was under the auspices of the Royal Society of Canada, which prepared an admirable programme that was very successfully carried out. The principal celebration was at Halifax, where a handsome brass tablet was placed in the Province Building of Nova Scotia. His Grace, Archbishop O'Brien, President of the Royal Society, gave the inaugural address. His Excellency Lord Aberdeen, Vice-Admiral Sir J. E. Erskine, Lieutenant-Governor Daly, and W. R. Baker, J.P., and W. Howell Davis, J.P., ex-Mayors of Bristol, England, the Consul-General of the United States, and the Consul-General of Italy, the latter representing the city of Venice, the birthplace of the Cabots, also gave admirable addresses. It was a happy coincidence that the Queen's Jubilee and the Cabot quadricentennial coincided in the same year. The following is the inscription on the memorial tablet :

THIS TABLET IS IN HONOUR OF THE FAMOUS NAVIGATOR JOHN CABOT

WHO UNDER AUTHORITY OF LETTERS-PATENT OF HENRY VII. DIRECTING HIM "TO CONQUER, OCCUPY, AND POSSESS" FOR ENGLAND ALL LANDS HE MIGHT FIND "IN WHATEVER PART OF THE WORLD THEY BE," SAILED IN A BRISTOL SHIP, THE MATTHEW, AND FIRST PLANTED THE FLAGS OF ENGLAND AND VENICE, ON THE 24TH OF JUNE, 1497, ON THE NORTH-EASTERN SEABOARD OF NORTH AMERICA, AND BY HIS DISCOVERIES IN THIS AND THE FOLLOWING YEAR GAVE TO ENGLAND A CLAIM UPON THE CONTINENT WHICH THE COLONIZING SPIRIT OF HER SONS MADE GOOD IN LATER TIMES.

THIS TABLET WAS PLACED IN THIS HALL BY THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA IN JUNE, 1897, WHEN THE BRITISH EMPIRE WAS CELEBRATING THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ACCESSION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, DURING WHOSE BENEFICENT REIGN THE DOMINION OF CANADA HAS EXTENDED FROM THE SHORES FIRST SEEN BY CABOT AND ENGLISH SAILORS, FOUR HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE, TO THE FAR PACIFIC COAST.

The very year that Da Gama rounded the Cape of Storms, and reached the East Indies, Cabot reached the mainland of North America. England was even then laying the foundations of her subsequent maritime supremacy. Merchants of foreign countries were welcomed to her shores, and found both protection and patronage. Among these were John Cabot and his sons, a Venetian family doing business in the ancient port of Bristol. Henry VII., King of England, eager to share the advantage of the wonderful discoveries that were startling the world, in 1496 gave a commission of exploration to John Cabot, on the condition that one-fifth of all the profits accruing should go to the crown. The following year, with his son Sebastian, afterwards a famous mariner, he sailed from the port of Bristol for the purpose of reaching, by a western voyage, the kingdom of Cathay, or China. Having sailed seven hundred leagues, he sighted the coast of Labrador, which he concluded to be part of the dominions of the Grand Cham. He landed, planted in the soil of the New World the banner of England, and named the country Prima Vista. He was thus the first discoverer of the continent of America, fourteen months before Columbus, in his third voyage, beheld the mainland. Two days afterwards, he reached a large island, probably Newfoundland, which in honour of the day he called St. John's Island. Having sailed along the



BRISTOL CASTLE.

REMAINS OF DOMINICAN PRIORY.

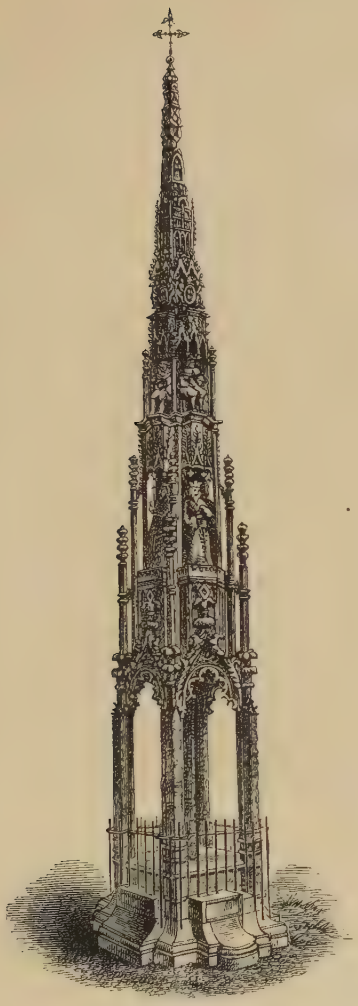
coast of North America for three hundred leagues, he returned to Bristol. His discovery awakened great interest. He was awarded a liberal pension, and the king gave him authority to impress six English ships and to enlist volunteers, "and theym convey and

The following year, however, his son Sebastian, with two vessels, endeavoured to reach China and Japan by a north-west passage. He sailed as far north as Hudson's Straits, the daylight in the early part of July being there continuous. Prevented by ice-

THE INDUCTION OF THE MAYOR IN THE OLDEN TIME.

lede to the londe and iles of late founde by the seid John." For some unknown reason this expedition did not take place, and John Cabot disappears from the records of the times. "He gave England a continent, and no one knows his burial-place."

bergs from proceeding further, he sailed southward, skirting the coast of North America as far as Chesapeake Bay. He landed at several places, and partially explored the fertile country he had discovered, with its strange inhabitants, clad in skins and using



BRISTOL HIGH CROSS.

barbaric weapons of stone and copper, but he was greatly disappointed to find that he had not reached the wealthy and populous countries of the Asiatic continent.

It was in virtue of these discoveries that Great Britain laid claim to the possession of the greater part of North America. In a subsequent voyage in 1517, under the patronage of Henry VIII., Cabot penetrated the bay to which, a hundred years later, Hudson gave his name. Afterwards, in the service of the Emperor Charles V., he explored the coast of South America as far as the La Plata.

The site of the landfall of Cabot on this continent is a disputed question. Some say that it was on the Labrador coast; others, on the coast of Newfoundland; while Dr. S. E. Dawson strongly champions Cape Breton's right to the honour of being the first land discovered by Cabot. The arguments of the case are given very fully in the proceedings of the Royal Society for 1897, with copies of original documents and maps.

One of the features of special interest at the quadricentennial was a paper by W. R. Barker, Esq., ex-Mayor of Bristol, who, with his colleague, crossed the sea specially to take part in this celebration. Through the cour-

GATEWAY OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PRIORY.

ST. JOHN'S GATEWAY, BRISTOL.

tesy of Sir John G. Bourinot we are permitted to quote in part Mr. Barker's paper, as follows, and to present some of the engravings by which it is accompanied.

The earliest illustrative idea of the size and construction of the old town of Bristol forms an illumination in a MS. volume which was a production of the fifteenth century, and which is still in existence and in use, called "The Mayor's Kalendar." The plan represents the town as it

THE CABOT MEMORIAL TOWER, BRISTOL.

originally stood upon a small oval area of about nineteen acres. The famous Castle of Bristol completed the defences which nature had begun.

The chief thoroughfares of this miniature town were four streets radiating from the centre and extending to four gateways. These streets still remain the central thoroughfares of modern Bristol, along which, after all the centuries that have elapsed since the plan was laid down and amid all the changed conditions of life, the men, women and children of today still make their way, as so many generations have done be-

fore them. At the summit of the eminence, on the sides of which these four streets radiated, stood the high cross.

In Cabot's days, what we now know as the Bristol Cathedral, existed, so far as it existed at all, as the Abbey Church of St. Augustine's monastery. The narrow lanes which represent the ancient footways within the walls, are now overshadowed by tall warehouses; nevertheless, as they regularly curve round, they follow the course of the vanished wall; so hard is it for long centuries of time to obliterate the vestiges of the past, even in the centre of a busy city.

William Canynge was a typical merchant-prince of the fifteenth century. His ships were found in all waters where trade was to be done. He was the king's host at the social board, and his banker in times of necessity.

Passing from the religious to the secular life of fifteenth-century Bristol, the famous castle then stood, as it had stood for ages, a mighty stronghold, defending the city from hostile approach on the Gloucestershire side. There it stood for five hundred years, and round it surged some of the fiercest struggles of rival princes and factions that England has ever known. The end came when Oliver Cromwell was in power, after the castle had played its part in the Revolution. In truly Cromwellian style, the Protector issued his warrant for its destruction in the following terms, addressed to the mayor and commonality: "These are to authorize you forthwith to demolish the castle within the city of Bristol, and for so doing this shall be your warrant.—28th day of Decr., 1654."

"Freeman, in his sketch memoir of William the Conqueror, writes: 'Every season of anarchy is marked by the building of castles; every return of order brings with it their overthrow as a necessary condition of peace.'

"How completely this has been realized will appear when I tell you," says the ex-Mayor of Bristol, "that upon part of the site of the ancient Bristol Castle now stands a handsome Board School in which hundreds of children receive a free education and are being trained for the peaceful pursuits of our modern city life.

"I and my colleague who have come to Canada to represent our dear old city on this stirring occasion, feel a natural pride in the fact that it was from the heart of Bristol that Cabot and his companions went forth upon this quest, 'Not knowing whither they went,' and that having reached their goal, to Bristol they returned with the news of the land which you now possess, and where you enjoy all that freedom, enlightenment, and enterprise can bestow.

"The memorial which the Bristol people have erected on the most commanding spot within their city will speak to future generations not only of the enterprise of an ancient but still vigorous community, the achievement of a great man, and the discovery of a vast continent; it will speak also, in conjunction with your own proceedings, of a sympathetic interchange of feeling and utterance between the people of Halifax and the people of Bristol; between loyal and warm-hearted Canada and the mother country; it will speak of a union of hearts that will last, let us hope and pray, not for four hundred years only, but for many hundred years to come."

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.—*Shakespeare.*

VASCO DA GAMA.

VASCO DA GAMA.

The discovery of America was the beginning of a new era in the world. It led to the development of great maritime enterprise. The western nations of Europe were eager to take possession of the new-found continent. Numerous voyages of exploration were projected by adventurous spirits under the patronage of their respective sovereigns. The centre of gravity of trade and commerce was shifted from Constantinople, Venice, and the Mediterranean ports to Bristol, London, Brest, Hamburg, and Amsterdam.

"Arrived, as we now are," says Sismondi, "at a period when every sea is traversed in every direction, and for every purpose; and when the phenomena of nature, observed throughout the different regions of earth, are no longer a source of mystery and alarm, we look back with far less admiration than it formerly excited upon the voyage of Vasco da Gama to the Indies—one of the boldest and most perilous enterprises achieved by the courage of man. For a long period Cape Non, situated at the extremity of the empire of Morocco, had been considered as the limits of European navigation. Cape Bojador soon presented a new barrier, and excited new fears. Twelve years of fruitless attempts passed away before men

summoned resolution to double this cape. Having explored scarcely sixty leagues of the coast, there yet remained more than two thousand to be traversed before they could attain the Cape of Good Hope."

The coast of India, the chief object of the adventurous voyages of discovery of this period, was first reached by the Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, in 1497. Rounding the stormy southern promontory of Africa, the superstitious mariner imagined that he beheld the awful Spirit of the Cape hovering in the air. Boldly pressing onward through unknown seas, discovering strange lands and islands, he at length reached the long-sought strand of India. The adventures of Da Gama are commemorated by the poet Camoens, in the "Lusiad," the earliest epic of modern Europe. Camoens thus describes the terrific vision which greeted the gaze of Da Gama after a voyage of five months, as he reached the Cabo Tormentoso, or Stormy Cape, since known as the Cape of Good Hope :

"I spoke, when rising through the darkened air,
Appall'd we saw a hideous phantom glare ;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And 'thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered :
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined ;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires. Far-echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar,
Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breast ;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread ; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began :

"O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before ;
With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage ;
The next proud fleet that through my drear domain,
With daring search shall hoise the streaming vane,
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tossed,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.

"In me the spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
My Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
With wide-stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,
On Afric's southern mound unmoved I stand :
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
Ere dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore ;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign.

"The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow, fled ;
So may his curses by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven !"

The threatenings of the Spirit of the Stormy Cape seemed likely to be fulfilled, for after an adventurous voyage to the Malabar coast, Da Gama found his way back, after an absence of twenty-six months, with only one small caravel and fifty-five men—all that was left of his goodly fleet of four ships and one hundred and sixty voyagers. The king received Da Gama splendidly, and permitted him to bear the title of "Lord of the Conquest of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India."

Emanuel immediately fitted out a second fleet of thirteen ships, with twelve hundred men, to establish trading posts. The most remarkable incident of the voyage was the accidental discovery of Brazil. The ships had evidently got a long way out of their course. The admiral at length reached India, and established a factory at Calicut; but on the departure of the fleet the inhabitants massacred all the Portuguese who had been left behind.

VASCO DA GAMA'S FLAG-SHIP.

The Portuguese Government now sent out a fleet of twenty ships under command of Da Gama. In retaliation for the massacre of the Portuguese he seized a large ship containing three hundred male and female pilgrims of the highest rank and of various nationalities on their way to Mecca, and killed them all, excepting twenty children, whom he saved to bring up in the Christian faith. Sailing to Calicut, now Calcutta, he demanded the right to trade, with immediate reparation for past indignities, and, not receiving it promptly, he hung his fifty prisoners at the yard-arm and burned the town. The early intercourse of the Indies, both east and west, with the Christian powers was little calculated to win their regard for the Christian faith.

Camoens, the poet of the "Lusiad," himself spent a life of adventure and disaster in the East. He was born at Lisbon, the son of a sea-captain, in 1524. His rejected suit for the hand of Donna Catarina, a lady of the court, blighted his life. Catarina died of a broken heart, but Camoens remained ever faithful to her memory—till, in his despair at her loss, he joined the war against the Moors, and found at last a minor office at Goa, in India.

He resolved to do for Portugal what Homer had done for Greece, and wrote his "Lusiad" to celebrate its history. This great epic was completed by Camoens during his stay in Macao, on the coast of China, where a grotto is still pointed out to which the poet frequently resorted to write. One calamity after another befell him. First stripped of everything he possessed by a shipwreck, he was thrown into prison for debt at Goa, where he languished for eight weary years. On his return to Lisbon, the rest of his life was spent in poverty. King Sebastian granted him a pension of 15,000 reis (equivalent to $21) a year; and even this pittance was subsequently withheld. For some time he was supported by a Javanese servant, Antonio, who collected alms for him during the night and nursed him during the day. He was afterward removed to the hospital, where he died.

LINES TO AN ANTI-SEMITE.

BY EDWARD SYDNEY TYLEE.

Stand! as God saw thee of old time
We see and know thee now:
The brand of unforgotten crime
Still black upon thy brow.
That mark Eternal Justice traced
Thou coverest in vain;
Its blighting stigma uneffaced:
Where is thy brother, Cain?

Aye, hypocrite, and if thou wilt
White hands, in protest, spread!
The blood by coarser murderers spilt
Was at thy bidding shed.
Thy speech inflamed each ignorant soul
With thine own maddening wine;
And when their fury burst control,
Their brutal acts were thine.

For thee, the crowded Plaza seethed
Round Seville's high-built pyre;
And shrinking forms of women wreathed
With coiling snakes of fire.
Thy servants fanned their ardent breath
Into a fiercer flame;
And watched, well-pleased, the dallying death,
That lingered ere it came.

But thou hast darker secrets yet,
And deeds more dear to hell.
The sightless, soundless oubliette
Hath kept thy counsel well.

The silent hours that crush the heart,
The soul-destroying gloom:
Thine, devil, was the fiendish art
Devised that living tomb.

Woe, woe on the unhappy State
That learns thy bloody creed;
And makes her mansion desolate
Thy cruel lust to feed.
Before one dread, impartial Bar
Her sons shall find, ere long,
How terrible the helpless are,
The feeble ones how strong!

Lo! where the dotard Empress, Spain,
With loosened necklace stands,
While those fair jewels, grain by grain
Slip from her nerveless hands!
Unmoved she sees her pearls depart,
And smiles with alien eyes:
For heavy on her palsied heart
The curse of Israel lies.

Foul shark, whose malice never sleeps,
On noblest victims fed;
What swimmer bold shall cleave the deeps
Thy ravin left so red;
And when thy bulk sways up to breathe
On that encrimsoned tide,
With one unerring home-thrust sheathe
His dagger in thy side?

AFTER THE STORM.

The trees are clad in clinging snow,
That came unbidden in the night,
As through the enchanted wood we go
Our hearts leap up to view the sight.

What are these trees so rough and bare,
Transfigured by the snow and rain?
The unwilling souls of men made fair
By life's dark night of tears and pain.

—*Rev. John J. Ferguson, B.D.*

THE REV. JAMES EVANS.

*THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.**

BARK TALKING—MR. EVANS TEACHING THE SYLLABIC CHARACTERS.

"Without question, the Rev. James Evans was the grandest and most successful of all our Indian missionaries. Of him it can be said most emphatically, while others have done well, he excelled them all."

These words of the biographer of James Evans, we are sure, will find corroboration in this most fascinating of missionary stories. The writer has special qualifications for his task. For nine years he laboured upon the scene of James Evans' missionary toil. He came into personal contact with hundreds of his converts and heard the testimony of the white man of the great Northwest, whose prejudices against the missionary had been overcome by his saintly life, and whose admiration of his character had been commanded by his quenchless zeal. Moreover, Mr. Young is in closest sympathy with the subject of his biography.

"Like an Apostle Paul in primitive times, or like a Coke or Asbury in the early years of this century," he says, "so travelled James Evans. When we say he travelled thousands of miles each year on his almost semi-continental journeys, we must remember that these were not performed by coach or railroad, or even with horse and carriage, or in the saddle or sailing-vessel, but by canoe

* "The Apostle of the North." By Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young. Toronto and New York: Fleming H. Revell Co., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, $1.25.

and dog-train. How much of hardship and suffering that means, we are thankful but few of our readers will ever know. There are a few of us who do know something of these things, and this fellowship of his suffering knits our hearts in loving memory to him who excelled us all, and the fragrance of whose name and unselfish devotion to his work met us almost everywhere, although years had passed away since James

MISSIONARY AND INDIANS IN A BLIZZARD.

Evans had entered into his rest. 'He being dead yet speaketh.'"

Then the biographer brings to his task the practised pen of a skilled writer, whose books have circulated by the scores of thousands in English, and have been translated into French and German. His style is one of limpid, lucid narrative, like the streams of the great north-land, reflecting the blue of heaven above and the scenes of earth around. We give in condensed form Mr. Young's estimate of this apostolic missionary, and of his greatest achievement, the invention of the syllabic character.

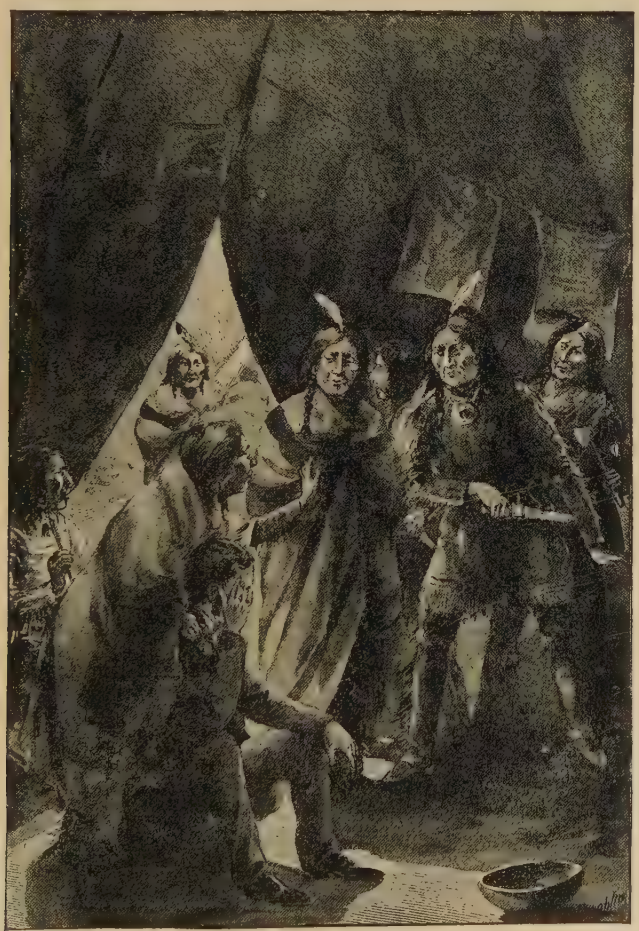
In burning zeal, in heroic efforts, in journeyings oft, in tact that never failed in many a trying hour, in success most marvellous, in a vivacity and sprightliness that never succumbed to discouragement, in a faith that never faltered, and in a solicitude for the spread of our blessed Christianity that never grew less, James Evans stands among us without a peer. There is hardly an Indian Mission of any prominence to-day in the whole of the vast Northwest, whether belonging to the Church of England, the Roman Catholic, or the Methodist Church, that James Evans did not commence; and the reason why the Methodist Church to-day does not hold them all is, because the Church did not respond to his thrilling appeals, and send in men to take possession

and hold the fields as fast as they were successfully opened up by him.

From the northern shores of Lake Superior away to the "ultima Thule" that lies beyond the waters of Athabasca and Slave Lakes, where the Aurora Borealis holds high carnival; from the beautiful prairies of the Bow and Saskatchewan Rivers to the muskegs and sterile regions of Hudson's Bay; from the fair and fertile domains of Red and Assiniboine Rivers, to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, enduring foot-prints of James Evans may still be seen.

At many a camp-fire, and in many a lonely wigwam, old Indians yet linger, whose eyes brighten and whose tongues wax eloquent as they recall that man whose deeds live on, and whose converts from a degrading paganism are still to be counted by scores.

His canoe trips were often of many weeks' duration, and extended for thousands of miles. No river seemed too rapid, and no lake too stormy, to deter him in



MR. EVANS AND THE AVENGERS OF BLOOD.

his untiring zeal to find out the Indian in his solitudes, and preach to him the ever-blessed Gospel. Ever on the look-out for improvements to aid him in more rapid transit through the country, Mr. Evans constructed a canoe out of sheet tin. This the Indians called the "Island of light," on account of its flashing back the sun's rays as it glided along, propelled by the strong paddles in the hands of the well-trained crew. With them they carried in this novel craft solder and soldering-iron, and when they had the misfortune to run upon a rock they went ashore and quickly repaired the injured place.

Mr. Evans had been for years a minister and missionary in the Canadian Methodist Church. With the Rev. William Case he had been very successfully employed among the Indians in the Province of Ontario. When the English Wesleyan Society decided to begin work among the neglected tribes in the Hudson's Bay Territories, James Evans was the man appointed to be the leader of the devoted band. In order to reach Norway House, which was to be his first principal mission, his household effects had to be shipped from Toronto to England, and thence reshipped to York Factory on the Hudson Bay. From this place they had to be taken up by boats to Norway House in the interior, a distance of five hundred miles. Seventy times had they to be lifted out of these inland boats and carried along the portages around falls and cataracts ere they reached their destination. Mr. Evans himself went by boat from Toronto. The trip from Thunder Bay in Lake Superior to Norway House was performed in a birch-bark canoe.

The great work of Mr. Evans' life, and that with which his name will be ever associated, was undoubtedly the invention and perfecting of what is now so widely known as the Cree Syllabic Characters. What first led him to this invention was the difficulty he and others had in teaching the Indians to read in the ordinary way. They are hunters, and so are very much on the move, like the animals they seek.

The principle of the characters which he adopted is phonetic. There are no silent letters. Each character represents a syllable; hence no spelling is required. As soon as the alphabet is mastered, and a few additional secondary signs, some of which represent consonants, and some aspirates, and some partially change the sound of the main character, the Indian student, be he man or woman of eighty, or a child of six years, can commence at the first chapter of Genesis and read on, slowly of course at first, but in a few days with surprising ease and accuracy.

Many were Mr. Evans' difficulties in perfecting this invention and putting it in practical use, even after he had got the scheme clear and distinct in his own mind. He was hundreds of miles away from civilization. Very little, indeed, had he with which to work. Yet with him there was no such word as failure. Obtaining, as a great favour, the thin sheets of lead that were around the tea-chests of the fur traders, he melted these down into little bars, and from them cut out his first types. His ink was made out of the soot of the chimneys, and his first paper was birch bark. After a good deal of effort, and the exercise of much ingenuity, he made a press, and then the work began.

Great, indeed, was the amazement and delight of the Indians. The fact that the bark could "talk" was to them most wonderful. Portions of the Gospels

were first printed, and then some of the beautiful hymns. The story of this invention reached the Wesleyan Home Society. Generous help was afforded. A good supply of these types was cast in London, and, with a good press and all the essential requisites, including a large quantity of paper, was sent out to that mission, and for years it was the great point from which considerable portions of the Word of God were scattered among the wandering tribes, conferring unnumbered blessings upon them. In later years the noble British and Foreign Bible Society has taken charge of the work; and now, thanks to their generosity, the Indians have the blessed Word scattered among them, and thousands can read its glorious truths.

All the Churches having missions in that great land have availed themselves, more or less, of Mr. Evans' invention. To suit other tribes speaking different languages, the characters have been modified or have had additions to them, to correspond with sounds in those languages which were not in the Cree. Even in Greenland the Moravian missionaries are now using Evans' Syllabic Characters with great success among the Eskimos.* It has been adopted also in raised forms for the use of the blind in China.

When Lord Dufferin had these characters explained to him by the author of this book he exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Young, what a blessing to humanity the man was who invented that alphabet!" Then he added, "I profess to be a kind of a literary man myself, and try to keep posted up in my reading of what is going on, but I never heard of this before. The fact is, the nation has given many a man a title and a pension, and then a resting-place and a monument in Westminster Abbey, who never did half so much for his fellow-creatures."

The tragic incidents of the closing years of this pioneer missionary give a tone of pathos to this story. While paddling in a canoe on a lake-like river of the great Northwest, his faithful interpreter, Thomas Hassel, at the bow of the canoe, whispered, "I see ducks, hand me the gun." By a fatal accident the gun went off in Mr. Evans' hands. Poor Hassel just turned and gave one sad look at the missionary and then fell over dead. Mr. Evans was overwhelmed with grief.

The interpreter's parents were pagans, and as such maintained the stern "lex talionis" of the wilderness which demanded life for life, blood for blood. Nevertheless, Mr. Evans went to their camp, gave himself up, and told the story of the death of their kinsman and the part he had played in it. Amid the sharp controversy that raged around him as to what should be done, the broken-hearted missionary sat with bowed head and covered face. "When it seemed," writes Mr. Young, "as though the avengers of blood would prevail, and Mr. Evans would be killed, the mother of the slain man sprang up from her place in her wigwam, and going over to him, she put both her hands upon his head and said:

"'He shall not die. There was no evil in his heart. He loved my son. He shall live, and shall be my son in the place of the one who is not among the living.'"

"For a time he remained in the wigwam of his new father and mother. He won their love and admiration by his words and kindly deeds. He talked to them

* The Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, has now printed an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and a hymn-book in these characters.—Ed.

of God as revealed in Jesus Christ, and of the blessed land beyond this, into which so tragically, as regards the earthly side of it, their son had entered. As long as he lived, they had their portion of his never very large salary."

Still another grief came to the devoted missionary. Wicked white men, whose vices he rebuked, sent odious accusations against him. He was summoned home to defend his character. This he triumphantly did. With impassioned zeal he pleaded nightly before great audiences the cause of the red men in the distant North-land. The last night but one in his life he spoke with strange power in his native town of Hull, and the next night at the neighbouring town of Keilby. He was eager to return to his beloved mission, but his wife uttered a presentiment that they would never see it again. "Well, my dear," he answered, "heaven is as near from England as from Norway House." In a few minutes, by a sudden stroke, he passed away while sitting in his chair. "The heroic missionary, the apostle of the north, had passed over into the paradise of God."

This book will take its place among the great biographies of missionary heroes, "of whom the world was not worthy."

ST. WALBURGA.

It is a gusty evening; the Abbey gate is fast,
And the porter listens from within to the howling of the blast.
"'Tis well to rest me thus," he says, "after a toilsome day;
Nor will I draw the bolt again, though a king should come this way."

'Tis not a king that cometh, yet draw the bolt must thou;
Walburga stands before the gate, God's light upon her brow.
Of all the Saxon virgins, dearest to God is she,
Who in low voice with accent mild admission craves of thee.

Then up and cries the porter, "Now, Lady, why so late?
Did I not fear the Abbess' wrath thou shouldst stay before the gate,
But though I need must open, no light I'll give to thee,
That thou mayst choose more timely hour for thy deeds of charity."

No sound is in the gentle voice of anger or dismay,
"None else, thou knowest, but God's own poor, would make me thus delay;
I thank thee, honest Oswald, that thou hast let me in;
Good-night,—I fear no darkness save the foul night of sin."

With that her robe she gathers up, and mounts the winding stair,
And glides along the corridors, soft as a whispered prayer.
But see! what radiance, soft and bright shines from Walburga's cell,
As if from many glow-worms hiding in flowery dell!
No lamp is there suspended, no taper gives that light—
Nor lamp, nor taper e'er could give a beam so soft and bright.

Walburga smiles and turns her heart to Him she loves so well:
And long her prayer continues in her illumined cell.
And till her eyes are closed in sleep that radiance doth endure,
Like the light of His approving smile who loves the meek and pure.

INVISIBLE LIGHT.

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

To the intelligent being the display of colours seen in the spectrum,—whether it be produced by refraction through a prism, through raindrops, or in any other way,—must ever remain a most imposing and inspiring spectacle. Although to Newton we must credit the first scientific analysis of the phenomenon, yet for all the previous ages the bow in the heavens must have been a source of admiration and wonder.

Newton showed that the apparently simple white light, as it comes to us from the seen or from any other ordinary source, is in reality composite in nature. Behind a small hole in the window-shutter of his darkened room he placed a glass prism, and the sunlight on streaming through it was refracted, forming its beautiful spectrum on the opposite wall. Examining this with great care, he thought he detected seven distinct colours, which he named red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet; and this series of names has been quite generally followed, though some more recent workers, perhaps better trained in colour-values, have suggested slight alterations in the list.

According to the universally accepted theory of light the only physical difference in the various colours is in the wave-length. The waves of ether which produce the extreme red of the spectrum are about thirty millionths of an inch in length, and as we pass through the various colours the wave-length gradually diminishes, until for the extreme violet it is about fifteen millionths of an inch.

All beyond the two ends of the brilliant spectral image is black,—the eye perceives no effect,—but it has long been known that beyond both the red and the violet energy can be detected by other means. In the ultra-violet, that is, the portion beyond the violet, the energy is very effective in producing chemical changes; while in the infra-red, as the part beyond the red is called, the energy has heating properties. The wave-length of the former is smaller than that of the violet, while the wave length of the latter is greater than that of the red.

These great portions of radiant energy to be found beyond the visible spectrum may be termed "invisible light," and it is to some researches in them that I intend to refer. Of course some will object to these radiations being named light. The metaphysician would, I suppose, say that since they cannot excite the sensation of light they cannot be light. He would also contend that if all the eyes in the world were blinded there would be no light at all. But the physicist does not look at the matter in that way. To him light is nothing but the rapid quiverings of the mysterious ether, without any special reference to their physiological effect, and the absence of a suitable apparatus for detecting them would not affect the existence of the vibrations. In other words, the metaphysician considers light from the subjective aspect—its effects on the brain; the physicist has in mind its objective nature, what there is outside the person entirely. Hence, if we can show that the ultra-violet and infra-red radiations have the essential physical characteristics of ordinary light, that from a mechanical standpoint they are all identical,

the name "invisible light" is pretty well justified.

Sir Wm. Herschel seems to have been the first to demonstrate the existence of the distinctive heat radiation. Holding a delicate thermometer in the various parts of the spectrum, he observed that as he passed from the violet towards the red the mercury steadily rose, but, exploring beyond the red, the greatest heating occurred some distance over in the perfectly dark portion. His son, Sir John Herschel, made further observations. He exposed paper, washed over with alcohol, to the sun's radiation as separated by a prism, and in the infra-red he noticed that some parts did not dry as quickly as others. From this he concluded that in the invisible portion there were "dark bands," showing the absence of definite wave-lengths in the radiation received there from the sun, precisely as in the visible solar spectrum.

The thermo-pile was invented some years later by the Italian scientist, Melloni. In this instrument bars of antimony and bismuth are soldered together, the bars being so arranged that alternate junctions can be heated, the rest remaining cool. When this heating takes place, a current of electricity flows along the bars, its presence being detected by a delicate galvanometer. This instrument served for many years in important experiments on radiant energy.

In 1881 Langley (secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington), produced a still more delicate instrument which he called a bolometer. This instrument consists essentially of a number of strips, or a single strip, of very thin metal, usually steel, the ends of which are joined to a Wheatstone Bridge, an instrument for measuring electrical resistance. When the delicate strips are placed in the spectrum, the heat energy of the radiations raises the temperature of the metal and the electrical resistance alters also. By observing the motions of a spot of light from a galvanometer connected to the bridge, the heating effect can be calculated. This instrument has been made so sensitive that a change in temperature of two millionths of a degree Fahr. can be recognized. Using the bolometer Langley has been able to chart dark lines in the invisible spectrum, finding them almost as numerous as in the visible part.

In 1896 a still more powerful instrument was invented by Prof. Ernest F. Nichols (now of Dartmouth College, N.H.). It is known as a torsion radiometer, though in construction it differs considerably from the ordinary Crookes radiometer. It consists of two similar thin vanes of mica, blackened on one side, held together by thin horizontal whips of glass, and suspended by a very fine fibre, usually of drawn quartz, in a high vacuum. When the radiation falls on one of these blackened vanes it warms it slightly. This heating causes the molecules of air still remaining in the enclosing vessel to rebound with increased velocity from the blackened face, and the reaction on the face pushes the vane backwards and turns the arm. From the vanes a thin glass fibre runs downwards and carries a minute mirror, and the deflections of this are observed by means of a scale and telescope. This instrument has been made so sensitive that the heat from a candle placed at a distance of over a quarter of a mile caused a noticeable deflection.

Now, though these instruments are so sensitive, they will be quite useless for working with waves of any special length unless we have some means of disentangling these

particular waves from the multitude of others which generally accompany them. Moreover, the heat waves of considerable lengths form only the minutest part of the entire energy emitted by the flame or other incandescent body used as a source, and the task of preserving this small portion and getting rid of all the rest becomes one of exceeding difficulty.

To sift out and separate the waves of different sizes two methods would at once be suggested—by the prism or by the grating. Now glass strongly absorbs the long waves beyond the red (and so is often used as a screen before a fireplace), and even rock-salt and fluor-spar, which, of all known substances, transmit heat most freely, have been found to be opaque to waves of great length. This absorption loss is avoided in the diffraction grating, but the diffraction spectra are very weak in energy, and, besides, so overlap each other that it is almost impossible to separate them. But a third method has been discovered, based on theoretical investigations made by the great Helmholtz. If a substance strongly absorbs waves of a certain length when they enter it, these waves will be almost perfectly reflected from its surface if well polished. Thus, if these waves, along with others, suffer several reflections from surfaces of the substance, these long waves will come off in nearly full strength while the others will have almost entirely disappeared.

By this method Professors Rubens and Nichols (the former of the University of Berlin) have succeeded in isolating waves over nine hundred millionths of an inch in length. In their experiments the source of the heat energy was a burner in which zircon was incandescent. The radiation was reflected successively from four polished plates of fluor-spar, by which the required waves were isolated; and their wave-lengths were measured by means of a grating made of fine wires and the radiometer just described. The wave-length thus determined,—about nine hundred and forty millionths of an inch,—is forty times that of yellow light. Comparatively, this is very long, though absolutely it is very short, as these investigators fully realized in further experiments.

Now, recent developments—some of which I have sketched in earlier papers—have revealed to us waves in the ether produced by purely electrical means, which have characteristics essentially identical with those of luminous waves, i.e., they can be reflected, refracted, polarised, etc., but their wave-lengths are usually very much greater. The shortest wave-length which I have seen authoritatively recorded is six millimetres, or one-quarter of an inch. Since these waves are similar to light-waves, it has been concluded that both are excited in the same way, and that, therefore, light is an electro-magnetic phenomenon. This is the electro-magnetic theory of light.

If, then, these waves of light and heat and electric force are all motions of the same ether, and have the same physical constitution, any experimental proof that they are identical in their behaviour is a matter of great importance and interest. The gap between 940 millionths and 250,000 millionths (one-quarter) of an inch is a big one, but it was very ingeniously bridged over by Messrs. Rubens and Nichols.

To do so they followed a method used by Garbasso, Professor of Physics in the University of Pisa, in 1893. Garbasso studied the reflection of electric waves from a wooden wall covered with sheets of metal uniformly distri-

buted over it. Now, the length of the electric wave, or the time of an oscillation, depends on the size of the spark-knobs of the radiator, and the shape and size of their connections, and to each metallic conductor there is a definite oscillation to which it is most sensitive. Garbasso found that the reflection took place much the best when each metallic sheet was of the proper size, and when they were arranged with their lengths parallel to the spark-line of the radiator. The length of waves used by Garbasso were forty-three and seventy centimetres (seventeen and twenty-eight inches), and so the size of the metallic sheets were large enough for them to be conveniently made and comfortably handled. But when it was attempted to apply the method to the heat waves, the necessary minuteness made the task very difficult.

A number of plane glass plates were silvered in the usual chemical way, and immediately after silvering each was put on a ruling-machine by which scratches were made with a diamond point through the silvering. These were ruled at the rate of two thousand five hundred to the inch, and the width of the scratch was approximately equal to that of the silvered space left between, i.e., each was about a five-thousandth part of an inch wide. Then the plate was turned through a right-angle and scratches made across the former ones. These were so ruled that the lengths of the small rectangular bits of silver left on the plate were one, two, three and four times, respectively, a quarter-wave-length of the heat waves experimented with. These plates were produced only after infinite patience and care, but out of almost countless attempts a few moderately satisfactory ones were obtained. The heat-waves were allowed to fall upon these plates in succession, and it was found that the second and fourth reflected much better than the first and third. In the former the little silver bits had been made of the proper size to respond to and reflect the waves. By this means these waves were shown to be similar to the electric waves,—that both are electro-magnetic in nature.

I wish also to refer to some recent work done on the invisible waves at the other end of the spectrum. For many years it has been known that energy very effective chemically is to be found there. If the spectrum obtained with sunlight be allowed to fall upon a sheet of ordinary photographic "printing out" paper, it will be found that the greatest blackening (caused by a chemical change in the salt of silver spread over the paper) will take place approximately at, or a little beyond, the extreme violet; but the chemical effect will be seen to extend far beyond the visible portion. The greatest advance into this ultra-violet province has been made by Victor Schumann, of Leipsic, who, in 1893, presented a paper to the Vienna Academy of Science, in which he described how he had successfully obtained evidence of waves much shorter than any recognized before.

As in the case of the long heat waves, the greatest difficulty encountered was to discover substances which did not completely absorb these short waves. The only material which was found available for the prisms and lenses of the apparatus was white fluor-spar. The air, also, between the luminous source and the dry plate was so absorptive that it had to be removed. Still further, the gelatine of the dry-plate in which the sensitive salt of silver was em-

bedded, so strongly absorbed these small waves that it had to be dispensed with. This was accomplished by the substitution of a pure silver bromide plate. In order to remove the air the hydrogen vacuum tube (which served as the source of the waves), the spectroscopic apparatus and the camera were placed in an enclosure from which the air could be pumped out. At the very first exposure a great extension of the spectrum was observed; and in some later experiments impressions were found on the plates made by waves less than four millionths of an inch long.

Thus we have experimental evidence of ether waves ranging in length from four millionths of an inch up through the light and heat radiations to electric waves which are several yards or even miles long.

In late years several new radiations have been discovered, notably the Roentgen X-rays and the Becquerel Uranic rays. The former, as is now well known, arise when an electric discharge passes through a glass tube which is well-nigh perfectly exhausted of air. These rays resemble the ultra-violet waves in that if either are allowed to fall on a body charged with negative electricity the charge at once leaks away. They can also affect the photographic plate and can excite fluorescence. We should thus be led to expect these rays to be "invisible light," but they have not been definitely identified as waves of any sort, whether of the ether or of any other medium. Most physicists, however, I believe, are inclined to suspect that they are ether waves of still smaller wave-length than those obtained by Schumann.

The uranic radiation was discovered by Henri Becquerel, a French physicist, in 1896. He found that uranium and its salts emit a radiation able to affect the photographic plate, to discharge an electrified body and capable of being reflected, refracted and polarised. Thus they seem to be identified as ether waves, though the wave-length has not been determined. I should remark, however, that some doubt has been thrown on the possibility of refracting and polarising the rays by Prof. E. Rutherford (now of McGill University, Montreal), who reports that in a long series of experiments he was unable to observe any such effects. It seems reasonable to suppose that these are also very small ultra-violet rays, probably with a wave-length larger than that of the Roentgen rays.

Taking all these radiations into account, we have one grand system of ether waves. Beginning with the smallest we have the Roentgen and Becquerel rays; then follow the actinic, luminous and heat rays; and lastly we have the electric radiation. We believe they are all similar in physical constitution, and are all electro-magnetic in nature. If we should consider these waves as we do sound waves, we should say that between Schumann's smallest actinic waves and the smallest purely electric wave there are sixteen octaves; of these the luminous waves comprise but a single octave, the rest being a portion of the great division which has been named invisible light. This is another excellent illustration of the fact that what appears directly to the eye or is on the surface is usually but a small fraction of the whole,—the unseen being much greater than the seen.

Toronto University.

A SHUT-IN SAINT.*

MRS. BELLA COOK AS SHE HAS BEEN FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS.

For more than twenty-five years, on the days before Thanksgiving and Christmas, a rare sight has been witnessed on Second Avenue, New York City, in one of the tenement districts. On each of those days, about two hundred women and children, each equipped with a capacious basket, have thronged the neighbouring street, and filed through the narrow hallway of the front house, through the unattractive back yard, to a rear tenement house, where to each has been given materials for a holiday dinner. Each "dinner" has always consisted of a fowl, and groceries and vegetables enough to last an ordinary family a week, and is the result of the loving thought and effort of Mrs. Bella Cook, who has not been out of that house for forty-three years, nor off her bed for thirty-seven years.

During all that time, although never rising to a sitting posture, and in constant pain, shut away from the world and all that we are accustomed to think makes life attractive, with never a sight of tree or shrub or blade of grass, with only a narrow strip of blue sky showing between the ugly sky-lines of the buildings and above the pulley-lines with their unsightly array, Mrs. Cook has spent an active and joyous life. I said to her once: "What weary days you must have spent here, Mrs. Cook!" She replied in her bright, emphatic manner: "Weary! not one. When ministers and other people pray with me, and tell the Lord what a dreadful time I have had, and how He has afflicted me, I tell them that I had rather they would not pray for me at all than

* We are indebted to the courtesy of the *New Voice*, New York, for this cut and accompanying text.—ED.

to do so in that way. I have not been so afflicted. My years have been happy."

"Talk about heroism," said one recently. "I can see how one can be brave in the face of danger to himself or others when nerved to it by excitement, or can sacrifice his life for a noble purpose when stimulated by enthusiasm; but to lie on a bed of pain in that forlorn place for almost half a century, and overlook one's own suffering, and control tortured nerves, all for the sake of the rank and file of unfortunate humanity,—well, in my mind, Mrs. Cook has out-heroed heroism!"

A first visit to this remarkable woman must always be a surprise, however familiar with the facts one may be. As one climbs the staircase to the second floor, and knocks at the door, a brisk, cheery voice, very unlike that of an invalid, says, "Come in." Except the bed, the room lacks all the characteristics of a sick-room. The face on the pillow may quiver with a paroxysm of pain, but a bright smile always greets one, and there is a welcome in the very air. The little room is exquisitely clean, the tiny cookstove shines like a mirror, pictures and friendly tokens are about the room, and there are always flowers. A maid does the work, and cares for her. Her bedstead was made especially for her, and was given to her in 1871. She has never been off it since that time. By an arrangement of straps and pulleys, head or feet or knees may be raised or lowered, or she can be raised on a canvas to allow her bed to be made and the mattress to be turned and changed. A large broad shelf swings back and forth on a level with her hands, encircling her body. This, Mr. John Stephenson, the street-car manufacturer, had made for her. It holds her work, writing materials, and all that she needs for her day's work.

Everything is done that it is possible to do in that place to make her comfortable and her surroundings attractive. Among other things, a telephone was once tried, connecting her bed with the pulpit of the Rose Hill Methodist church, of which she has been a member for more than fifty years. The effort to listen through it, however, wearied her, and it was removed. During the years, many physicians have been consulted with reference to moving her from the house, and every expedient has been discussed; but all have agreed that the attempt would result in her death, and that she could not live to reach the street.

Her "office hours," as she laughingly calls her day, are from nine to six, and between those hours she is seldom alone. She has a keen sense of humour, and understands human nature intuitively. Men and women with all sorts of needs come to her. Well-known society people find their way to her humble home, seeking comfort in bereavement and trouble. Erring ones, those in search of work, the needy, all come to this apparently most helpless woman for counsel and aid. There is a continual coming for a dime for a night's lodging, for food, for the wherewithal with which to redeem things from the laundry or from pawn, able-bodied men who can "get work to-morrow, ma'am, if I can only get a shave and a clean shirt,"—and so her busy days go by. And all get all that that noble soul can give them. Many a one has received there the first upward impulse to a new life, and found a before-unknown hope and joy and peace. Every one who comes gets a hearing, and all who appeal to her credulity go down in her little book and are "looked

up" by her helpers. I once asked her if she never reached the end of her resources. "Oh, yes," she said; "but then I write to some of my rich people, and tell them that I am in a hole, and that it is not my work, but the Lord's; and they respond."

Mrs. Cook was born in Hull, England, in 1821. She and her husband started for this country with their three little children in 1847. The baby was one of the twenty-five persons to die on the ship during the tedious seven weeks' voyage. Mrs. Cook had not learned patience in those days, and her grief for her child was immoderate and uncontrollable. Her husband died of cholera two years after their arrival.

To support herself and her two little ones, she took in fine sewing. In that way she made some very rich and influential friends, the ladies for whom she worked becoming interested in the intelligent and philanthropic little seamstress. During that time she devoted two hours of each day to visiting the sick and suffering, making up for the time thus spent by working early mornings and late nights. In Bellevue Hospital, where she was to be seen almost daily, she became known as the "Little Sunbeam."

She was never strong. When two years old she fell and received injuries from which she never fully recovered. Later in life she fell on the ice; and it is to those falls that she owes her long invalidism.

THEIR LINGERING PRESENCE.

BY ADA J. FLOCKTON.

"His presence in the house is an inspiration, and he does not utterly depart with the Godspeed at the gate; something has been left behind—a subtle fragrance, as when sandalwood has lain for a while in paper or rosemary among clothes."—Ian Maclaren ("Upper Room").

Their presence lingers like some subtle fragrance,
Abiding with us through the busy day;
And life is richer and its burdens lighter,
And courage comes to still pursue our way.

At morn's fair promise gentle voices reach us,
Calling again to strive, to watch and pray;
At even's quiet tender hands caress us,
Wiping from aching brows the dust of day.

We hush vain murmurs lest we prove unworthy—
For love compels our best—and 'neath that sway
Hearts gather strength to guard against the evil
That would beset us on the daily way.

O, Saviour Christ, if so these gentle spirits
Indwelt by Thee, our restless lives can fill,
Can still the storms that threaten to o'erwhelm us,
Can keep the heart and hold the wavering will.

What might not life be, Master, if we yielded
Our all to Thee; threw wide reluctant doors,
And let the unchecked tide of Thy dear presence
Flow in upon our narrow, pain-bound shores?

If so Thy children, showing us faint glimpses
Of Thy great love, such rich content can bring,
What where the joy, the rest of satisfaction,
Would we but learn "the secret" of the King!

—*Christian Advocate.*

THE PARSON'S WIFE, THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

BY JAY BENSON HAMILTON, D.D.

"The first Methodist parson's wife in this town became the chief of police. Would you like to hear how it came about?"

My host in a Western city had been discussing the woman question. We had attended the session of the Methodist Annual Conference then in session in the place, and had listened with great interest to the debate upon the admission of women to the General Conference. The Conference was about equally divided, and the discussion was stirring and vigorous. My host was strongly in favour of the admission of women, while his wife was earnestly opposed to it. After dinner my host, jokingly, said as he looked at his wife, who had not only had the best of the argument, but the last word:

"My good wife is afraid it will degrade a woman to elect her to a Methodist General Conference, but you cannot convince her that it degraded the parson's little girl-wife to make her chief of police. I was a young man, and lived here when the first Methodist sermon was preached in one of our saloons. The saloon was turned into a chapel, and quite a vigorous society was organized in a few months.

"The town was filled with excitement one day by the word flying from mouth to mouth:

"'A woman came to town to-day!'

"It was a great event. There were but six women in the place, and they were a hard lot. To have the female population increased to seven, and the latest comer to be a modest, pretty, young girl, as she was said to be, excited an interested remark from every man who heard it. The former proprietor of the saloon which had been turned into the Methodist church, entered a saloon when the matter was under discussion. He was greeted, as every one had been who came in, with the remark:

"'Say, did you know another woman came to town to-day?'

"One-eyed Jack, as he was familiarly known, instead of being surprised, said, rather carelessly:

"'I was introduced to her an hour ago.'

"A roar of laughter from the incredulous crowd made the stolid face a trifle redder than usual, and the single eye gleam with a fiercer light. Striking the bar with his huge clinched fist until the bottles and glasses leaped and clattered, he repeated his remark with a terrible oath:

"'I was introduced to her an hour ago, as I have already said once. She is the parson's wife. She is one of the nicest and prettiest little women you ever saw. She treated me as politely as if I had been the Prince of Wales. I'll stand treat to the crowd that will drink to the parson's wife. The fellow that refuses to drink or ever speaks disrespectfully of the only decent woman in town had better select his weapon before he speaks, for he will have to fight me at sight.'

"There was little need of Jack's threat. The parson had so completely won the rough element of the town by his genial tact and fearless bearing that every man would count it an honour to fight to the death for him at the drop of a hat. To know that the bold, powerful man whom they so greatly admired had a young and beautiful wife stirred to the heart's core every man who had a spark of manhood remaining.

"The rude shanty which was the temporary parsonage was on the main street, and within a few doors of three of the worst saloons in the place. The day the parson's wife arrived and moved into her new home, a street-fight occurred in front of one of the saloons, and ended at the door of the parsonage. One of the fighters, a worthless and villainous ruffian, fell against the parsonage door bleeding from a dozen terrific gashes. The parson's wife had been a witness of the whole affray. As the last vicious thrust of a huge bowie-knife ended the fight, with a cry of terror she sprang to the door to prevent if possible what she fully believed was murder. As she opened the door, the huge form of the desperado fell into the hall-way at her feet. His face was white, his eyes were staring, and his blood was streaming from a severed artery in ghastly spurts. She stepped over the body of the wounded man, and cried to the standers-by:

"'Run for the doctor, the man is dying.'

"When the doctor arrived, he found the parson's wife had checked the flow of the blood as skilfully as any surgeon could have done. She was white as marble, but as cool as ice. Her little hands were bathed in blood, but she had saved the cur's life. The doctor examined her surgery, and said:

"'Madame, I could not have done so well myself. I presume you are the parson's wife. Permit me to say,' as he lifted his hat and made a formal bow, 'the parson is to be congratulated, and so is this villainous ruffian. A few seconds more would have ended his worthless life. I doubt, madame, whether it was worth staining your white hands to save it.'

"'His soul is worth a thousand worlds like this,' she replied, quietly.

"'I presume you are right, but I fear his soul, if he has one, will never be saved. He might as well die at one time as another so far as saving his soul is concerned. But, madame, if you desire to continue your mercy and save this man's life, you will have to play the part of a nurse as well as that of a surgeon. He cannot be moved for a day or two. I am sorry that such an experience should mark your first day in our place.'

"Thus two more of our citizens had been introduced to the parson's wife the first day she arrived. A few days' nursing brought the injured man around all right so he could be moved. He was flush with money and offered a princely sum for the care he had received. The little woman refused the money with the air of a queen. She advised him to send his money to his friends at home. She said as he was about to go:

"'If you wish to repay me for any trifling service, give your heart to Jesus, who died to save you.'

"She saved him, I think. He never tasted a drop of liquor after his parting from her. As soon as he had fully recovered he left town. We heard that he had gone home, and had settled down to a decent life.

"Before the parson's wife had been in town a week another fight occurred in front of the parsonage. A hundred men were looking on with delight as two enraged men were beating, biting and gouging each other like savage beasts. A woman's voice, clear and strong, with a ring of scorn and disgust, thrilling every word into fire, startled the mob. The parson's wife stood in her open door:

"'And you call yourselves men, shame on you! What a manly thing, indeed, it is to stand by and encourage these beasts to abuse each other like that. Shame on you! Shame!'

"Before a word could be spoken she walked deliberately into the crowd, and seizing the man who had the advantage of his antagonist and was savagely pounding him, she dashed him aside with a vigor that amazed the mob. Standing between the panting, bleeding combatants she spoke with cutting sternness that made them both flinch and drop their eyes abashed. Her presence and words had surprised them into sobriety. One of the men who had been very seriously injured began to sway unsteadily, and then suddenly fell insensible at her feet. Looking the other sternly in the face, she said:

"'Are you a man or a beast? Did you have a woman for a mother? Oh! How could you so far forget your manhood as to shame even a brute with your cruelty?'

"The man, startled and cowed, slunk away into the crowd without a word. The parson's wife turned to minister to the man at her feet. She found him as helpless as a log and very seriously hurt. She spoke in such tones of command that none thought of refusing to obey:

"'Pick him up, and carry him into the parsonage!'

"Upon the same bed from which the other injured man had just arisen, this one was laid. He was carefully and tenderly nursed back to life and strength. The day he left he kissed the little woman's hand and cried like a child. She made him kneel down with her while she prayed for him. He went out of the house with a new light in his eye. He went straight to the saloon where he knew he would find the man who had beaten him. The crowd made a ring for another fight as soon as they saw him enter. He quickly said:

"'Boys, I have been nursed back to life by an angel who prayed to God five minutes ago to help me live a better life. She brought me back to my innocent boyhood days when I knelt at my mother's knee. My mother died with her hand on my head, praying to God to keep me from sin and help me meet her in heaven. When the parson's wife put

her hand on my head and prayed for me, she used almost the very words my mother uttered with her dying breath. My heart went all to pieces. Boys, I have done with all this wickedness.'

"Turning to the man who had so cruelly abused him, he said:

"'Tom, old chum, I want to ask your pardon before all the boys. I was in the wrong. I began the fight without any cause. I deserved more than I received. You know, old fellow, my life-long friend, if I had not been crazy drunk I would not have struck you. I have always loved you like a brother. Give me your hand, Tom, and say you forgive me. I'm going home to begin a new life.'

"The two men clasped hands for an instant as the tears poured down their bearded cheeks like rain. They were boyhood playmates from the same neighborhood in the East. They left the saloon together and went home the same day.

"The parsonage was named the hospital the first week the parson's wife came to town. These two incidents did more to preserve the peace than a dozen policemen could have done. The moment two men began to bandy words which threatened to end in blows some bystander would shout:

"'Boys, here's another fellow who has engaged a cot in the hospital!'

"The good-natured jeer was taken up by the crowd, and others would reply:

"'Run and tell the parson's wife to send her stretcher for her next patient!'

"The fight was off at once. Street brawls almost wholly ceased. Even the rude, boisterous, profane and obscene language, which before the parson's wife came polluted the very air in every part of the town, was almost completely banished. The plucky little woman had the habit of appearing unexpectedly wherever a crowd of men had gathered. She accepted with a sweet smile and a gracious bow the deference of the rough, coarse men, who always said as she approached:

"'Hats off, boys, the parson's wife!'

"She came to us like an angel to a mob of demons. We had forgotten God; we had lost our manhood; we had almost lost our respect for the womanhood of our mothers and sisters. This little woman, scarcely more than a girl in size or years, was as fearless as if she felt that she was surrounded by a legion of angels. She rebuked sin with words that stung and burned like living fire. The sinner could not get angry. He knew that if he were to get sick or be injured, the first person to minister to him would be the little woman. Many a poor wretch was taken to her best room, and as tenderly nursed as if he had been of royal blood. She was as skilful in dressing a wound as the best trained surgeon. She knew more about medicine than any doctor in town. She was never excelled as a nurse. No disease had any terrors for her. You can imagine that it did not take long for her to become the idol of such God-forsaken ruffians as we were. In one month she had but one title. It was bestowed upon her by a unanimous vote. Everybody called her 'the chief of police.'"—The Independent.

THE PRICE WE PAY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Freedom ever was dearly bought,
By gold and silver and lives of men;
In travail of soul her gifts are sought,
In perilous marches by moor and fen,
By the desolate reaches of lonely years,
By the slow, salt droppings of widows' tears.

Ever for freedom the price is great,
And paid must be to the utmost coin,
Who serves at her altars, serves the state,
With beat of heart and with ache of loin,
Nay, and all need, to make men free
Are men bond-slaves for liberty.

Yet who would hold his dearest back,
And who would count his loss but gain,
When, conquering, white on her upward track,
Stern freedom comes, to break the chain,
To light earth's darkness, to light earth's gloom,
To make earth's desert-places bloom?

In cold and nakedness and thirst,
In heat and fever and wounds and strife,
We bid her foemen do their worst,
For freedom is heaven, freedom, life;
Whatever the price, that price we'll pay,
And God be thanked for the dawn of day.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

Not often, among the verses that achieve their first appearance in the columns of the daily press, do we find anything that commands such attention as Professor Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" has aroused. The poem is an interpretation of Millet's famous painting known by that name, now in California. We quote the lines as they appeared in the San Francisco *Examiner:*

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face.
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labour, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

DENIS PATTERSON—FIELD PREACHER.

BY KATE THOMPSON SIZER,

Author of "Avice Tennant's Pilgrimage," "Alys of Lutterworth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TRESIDER.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN NEWGATE PRISON.

WESLEY VISITING HARRY IN PRISON.

"Where were Harry's patrons, the men who had spoiled him by their example, and so brought him to his present sad case?" Bethia naturally asked this question when, the next morning, Sophy was able to discuss affairs more fully.

"I went to Lord Ilchester's before I came here," answered Sophy. "But he told me he could not help Harry with a penny. He owned frankly he was sore embarrassed for money himself."

"Then we have only one thing to do," said Bethia, taking a mental review of the circumstances, and deciding that her father was too unpractical and herself too young to be capable of acting wisely in such a crisis. "I will go to the Foundery and ask counsel of Mrs. Wesley."

Sophy stared. She had not mingled enough with the family life of late to know of Bethia's new friendship.

"Why, that is the mother of the mad preacher, is it not? How can she help?"

"You shall hear Mr. Wesley one day and judge whether he is mad," returned Bethia, with a little flush on her cheek to hear her friends thus spoken of. "But they are the only people who can help us now. Mr. Wesley is kind, and has influential people among his acquaintances. I doubt not he will do all he can for poor Harry."

"He will have a heart of stone if he does not," answered Sophy, who always thought that her sorrows or her joys should be the chief concern of the world. "Poor Harry, so young and handsome, and in a prison! Oh, what a wretch it was sent him there!"

"Don't cry, dear." Bethia soothed her tenderly. "Take baby on your lap—look! the tears are in his eyes already to see you cry. And if you could help mother and the children a little, and bid Frank take care of the shop while I am gone, it might divert your mind."

Sophy's way of assisting her family was to sit on a chair by her mother's couch and sob over her sorrows, while small Bab strove loyally to act as nurse to her baby nephew. Bethia guessed that this would be the case, but there was no help for it. Harry was in grave peril, and she lost not a moment in making her way to the

Foundery, and pouring her story into Mrs. Wesley's sympathetic ears. The two brothers, John and Charles Wesley, were with their mother, and they cross-questioned Bethia kindly, till she had put them in possession of all the facts. They looked grave as they listened.

"The law is hard on such offences," said John Wesley.

"I have known cases where——" began Charles Wesley, but checked himself abruptly. He had been going to say he had seen men suffer death for slighter cause. "My brother and I often visit the prisons," he continued; "'tis an old practice of ours since Oxford days. Shall we get leave to see this poor man?"

"Oh, if you would!" responded Bethia gratefully. "He is so young and thoughtless, I fear he will give way to despair when he realizes what he has brought on himself. Wise Christian counsellors are what he needs."

"We will both go," the brothers assured her; and John Wesley, with his usual practical kindness, wrote a list of people of high rank to whom she and Sophy might go for help. He promised to visit several of these himself, and use all his power to set the prisoner's case favourably before the authorities. There was hope that the offence might be dealt with leniently; complete exoneration could not, of course, be looked for.

"Is that all the hope you bring me? Then Harry will die," exclaimed Sophy, when her sister returned and told her tale.

Sorrow made the poor girl ungrateful and obstinate; and one of Bethia's greatest trials in these terrible days was the impossibility of getting Sophy to do what was reasonable and right. She would not go to plead Harry's cause with those who might help him; she would not assist in the household cares which accumulated so heavily with her presence and the additional burden she brought. She would only sit moaning in helpless grief, refusing to be comforted.

Bethia and Frank and the sick mother had to face the emergency, and even Mr. Edmonds was roused from his habitual apathy and threw himself into the need with ardour. He and Bethia went, as John Wesley directed, to magistrates and lawyers, trying to soften their hearts to the unhappy culprit. Often Bethia carried the infant with her, that its helpless innocence might plead its father's cause better than words. Their efforts did not succeed; alas! the evidence of guilt was too plain. The trial took place, and for his forgery Harry Marsden, as the stern laws of that century enacted, was condemned to die.

"You will come with us to-day, Sophy," said Bethia to her sister one afternoon in February, when the rain was falling over the dingy streets like the tears of a forlorn heart.

Bethia had visited her brother-in-law in the prison several times, but it was hard to induce Sophy to go. Such an awful shock, coming suddenly after a course of careless pleasure, seemed to have effected as yet nothing but horror and revolt. She shrank from seeing Harry with his mournful face and sad surroundings; she shunned all allusions to his coming fate. Her old wilfulness came out in this mood as in the others. Bethia wondered whether she realized even yet what was happening.

Her hands were busy tying knots of bright ribbon when her sister spoke. Lately she had often been at work on some mysterious finery; Bethia could not understand how she could have the heart for such things now. Sophy turned very pale, and looked up with a strange desperation in her eyes; then, setting her lips together with a shudder, she answered briefly, "I will come."

She swept her work into her lap, and Bethia noticed that when Sophy joined her and her father as they set off she held a bundle in her hand. Bethia was carrying the child, that poor Harry might take his last look at it, for he was to suffer next day.

It was still too early in the century for John Howard's benevolent enterprise to have changed English prisons. As the little party entered Newgate all the horrors and disgraces of gaol life in those times met them unalleviated. Noisome sights and smells made the passages they traversed almost unbearable. Groans from unfortunate prisoners, loaded with chains, and unable through poverty to purchase any relief of their sufferings, sounded in their ears. Almost worse, in its contrast with their feelings, was the laughter that came from others. Groups of the vilest sorts of prisoners, highwaymen, cutpurses, false coiners, who cared little for the shame of their present position, and who often had money enough to convert the prison into a

place of semi-luxury, sat together over cards and wine. They tossed jokes across to one another, they peered insolently at the two shrinking women as they passed ; even the turnkey's presence seemed little to restrain them.

"Here is the condemned cell," said the gaoler, after what seemed an interminable journey through such horrors. "This is the prisoner's last night, so you may stay longer with him."

The feeble glimmer of a lantern showed them that Harry was not alone. Seated beside him on the bundle of straw that served as a bed was the good man who had brought to Harry, as well as to Bethia, the greatest comfort these dreary months had known. John Wesley was at home in such sad scenes. Perhaps his father's sufferings in Lincoln Castle had taught him special sympathy to prisoners. The list of those whom he thus visited and helped would prove a long one. On it would be found the name of his former rival in preaching, the elegant and famous Dr. Dodd, to whom Wesley brought the consolations of religion when Dodd lay in prison, condemned for the same kind of charge as poor Harry.

Wesley rose when he saw them come.

"The minutes which you have with your friends are precious," he said. "I will leave you. Farewell, my friend. God support you through all."

The poor prisoner grasped the hand stretched out to him.

"Farewell, kind sir," said his faltering voice. "If I have any hope in this dark hour I owe it to you. May God reward you, and bless your labours for the sinful and penitent, among whom I hope I may be counted."

His deep emotion was shared by all around him. Sophy sobbed aloud, casting herself into her husband's arms. Tears of sympathy were rolling down Wesley's cheeks as he repeated his solemn farewell. They were all too moved to speak after he had left them, till Harry, mastering himself, raised Sophy to sit beside him, lavishing on her fond caresses.

"Forgive me, forgive me," he whispered.

"Forgive you, Harry?" cried Sophy wildly. "It was all my fault, my extravagance and folly that led you on! Oh, how easy it is to do wrong! how hard to do right!"

"We were both wrong," he answered, "but I was the worse. I was the older, and knew more of life. Forgive me, Sophy dearest, for blighting your youth ; and, oh! bring up our child to be different. Take counsel from Bethia and Mr. Wesley."

"I do not want him to be different from you," declared the young wife with vehement unreason. "You were always good, as good as I wanted."

"Mr. Wesley will teach you differently, and you must listen to him, Sophy," Harry answered. "He has shown me that folly and carelessness may lead to sin, and are sins in themselves. Any man who lives a selfish life, as I did, is wronging God's great purpose. But God has forgiven me, and I am not unhappy now, except for you."

"Oh, if I could die with you!" she cried, pressing closer to him with fresh tears.

Harry comforted her tenderly, displaying a manly courage and piety that surprised his sister-in-law, though she knew he had changed greatly during his imprisonment. Foolishness, more than vice, had led to his crime ; it was the act of a thoughtless moment, not a long-premeditated sin. Under Wesley's teaching he had humbly repented, and Bethia could not doubt but that forgiveness was his. She could rejoice in this amid her sorrow, and she hoped that in time it would console her sister too.

Sophy raised her head quickly as her husband ceased talking.

"I have brought you something, Harry," she said.

"What is it?" he asked, and Sophy unfolded the bundle she had so carefully carried. Velvet and lace and the ribbon-knots shone strangely bright in the dingy prison-cell. "What is it?" repeated Harry, amazed.

"Don't you remember?" Sophy's lips quivered. "You were married to me in this. Wear it, dearest, at the end."

She had brought him his wedding suit. With that curious trait in her character which made her always keenly susceptible to outside effects, she had remembered that thousands would crowd to the dreadful spectacle next day, and she wished her husband to look handsome to the last.

Bethia was going to exclaim in horror at the finery, but Harry comprehended further. He would not disappoint Sophy's last wish. He kissed the little fingers that had worked for him.

"I will wear it, dearest, for your sake," he said.

So, in his gay bridegroom's suit, he rode next morning through the streets to meet his fate at Tyburn. Loving thoughts of his little wife were in his heart the while, and, better still, humble thoughts of penitence and faith.

CHAPTER XV.

DISPERSED.

FRANK AND BETHIA.

Trouble has a long range, and hits many marks. When Harry Marsden's sad death was over, Bethia thought they would soon return to the old commonplace paths of home difficulties, changed only by the presence in their midst of the new-made young widow and her helpless babe. But the tempest that had sprung up around them was not to lull so quickly. Poor Harry, in dying, had left a bitter legacy of shame to his friends.

When customers learned his story they were shyer than before of coming to the dim little shop in Paternoster Row. Work had of necessity been neglected while Bethia and her father were hurrying from one great man's house to another in the vain attempt to procure Harry's pardon. When leisure came at last, they found that their only hope lay in winding up Mr. Edmonds' business, unless they wished to land in the terrible quagmire they all hated and strove to avoid—debt. And in the midst of this Mrs. Edmonds fell ill.

She had long been ailing, and recent events had levelled too heavy a blow at her slender physical forces. Bethia alternated at first between ledgers and household duties and her mother's bedside; but she soon dropped all save the most pressing duties in order to keep a constant watch by the sufferer. She saw that her mother was dying.

"I leave you a hard task, my child," said the poor woman, looking at her daughter wistfully. "Your father and the children, and now Sophy; how will you bear it all?"

"I do not know," answered Bethia, almost overcome at the thought of her burden of care and anguish. "But God knows."

A gleam of courage came back to her as she said the words, and her mother saw a smile break over her pale face.

"I have been a poor help to you for a long time past," continued Mrs. Edmonds, sighing. "But oh, Bethia, I would have gladly done more if I could."

"Mother!" cried the girl, stopping the self-reproach with vehement indignation, "could any one have done more than you?"

She thought of the patience that had ever been ready to strengthen her own, and of the unfailing love and sympathy. If the feeble hands had not had power to lift tangible burdens, they had often ministered to invisible ones.

"You have been the dearest, best of mothers," cried Bethia, kissing with hot tears the beloved face that would so soon be withdrawn from her sight.

"There are few like you, my child, ready to give credit for the will where the deed cannot follow. But I am going where I shall be strong to do, perhaps, for you. The prospect is very bright."

She lay with a quiet smile of peace,

while Bethia took her hand and held it in a long pressure.

"Yes, the way for me is plain and happy," repeated the dying woman calmly. "And for you I trust it will soon be made clear. Kiss me, dearest daughter; and when the end comes, shed no tears of bitter sorrow for me."

But Bethia shed many for herself when that calm, sweet smile, which dwelt even in death on the pale face, was the only sign of mother-love left to her. A great desolation filled her heart, and darkness seemed on every side. All her hopes were in ruins; what should she do in the midst of such calamities? She went to take counsel with Mrs. Wesley.

"Come here and bring your family," said that kind soul of pity, as she heard the woeful tale. "When your mother is laid to rest under the sod, and you have gathered up the little possessions that still belong to you, bring your father and the children and all. There is space at the Foundery; did not my son Wesley intend to make it a refuge for such poor, homeless ones as you? We will find work for your sister and brother; you shall help in caring for the little ones. Come as soon as you can, poor child."

And this was what Bethia did; no other refuge was open to her. When the old home at Paternoster Row was perforce shut up, she and those belonging to her came to join the family of Christian toilers and needy sufferers that Wesley gathered round him in his home.

Mr. Edmonds bore the change with philosophic composure; and, moreover, was soon happy in compiling treatises and making abridgments under Wesley's direction. Little Bab and Tony were too sobered by what they had lately gone through to resent being trained under Mrs. Wesley's somewhat strict rule; they had their sister to appeal to in all childish troubles, and they were content. Bethia was too busy to have time for much sorrow, and Frank was the first of the number to make any effort for change.

"Do you think, sir," he asked, stopping John Wesley as he came in from a round of visits, "do you think a man can serve God and his country, too?"

"What do you mean?" asked the great preacher, looking at the sturdy lad who stood blushing before him, with the wind ruffling his uncovered curls.

"I mean," said Frank, mastering his bashfulness with a manly dignity that set well on his youthfulness, "I mean that I do not want to eat idle bread any longer. I know no trade except printing, and I hate that. But I am young and strong, and all my life I have wanted to be a soldier."

Wesley measured the boy with thoughtful, approving eyes.

"'Tis a hard life, with many temptations, my lad," he said; "but God's grace can keep you straight even there. If this be your choice, I will try to help you in it."

He left Frank in an ardour of gratitude. Within a week he had kept his promise, and the lad was enrolled in a company just starting for Germany. Bethia cried as she clasped the young hero in his dazzling red coat in her arms to say good-bye, but Frank held his head high.

"Don't grieve, sister. I shall be a man now as I could not have been before. And I will never forget you nor Mr. Wesley."

One care was thus lessened, and Bethia's protectors cheered her under the sacrifice of giving up her brother. Patriotism was a strong passion with John Wesley. In the stormy times of the young Pretender's rebellion, he offered to raise a regiment of Methodist volunteers to serve against the enemy. Frank's soldierly spirit, therefore, met with his cordial approbation; and when in time news came of the boy's well-doing and of his promotion, bravely earned on the field of Dettingen, no one shared Bethia's joy more warmly than he.

On a fine spring morning a coach, with emblazoned panels and servants in livery, drove up to the Foundery.

"It is the Countess of Huntingdon," said Mrs. Wesley, as a sweet, serious-faced lady, plainly dressed for her high rank, was handed out of the carriage and mounted the steps to the door.

"Bethia, dear maid," continued Mrs. Wesley, "here is a chance for your sister Sophy. We will tell the Countess of your plight, and, maybe, among her many rich acquaintances, she can find some one who will take up your sister."

Sophy sat in a corner of the room, sewing at a garment of most un-Methodistic brightness. It was not

for herself, for she wore, of course, her widow's black; nor for Bethia, whose dress was always markedly simple; but she wanted some employment to pass the time. Her child was in Bethia's arms, and Tony and Bab, on small stools near, were learning their alphabet dutifully under their elder sister's direction.

The Countess' errand was soon told. She had come to ask John Wesley and his friend George Whitefield to preach at her house. Mrs. Wesley promised to give her son the message, and then, in a few graceful words, introduced the sisters to her ladyship's notice.

"For which is the post wanted?" asked the lady. She was looking at Bethia, evidently taken by her soft, gray eyes and sweet smile, and the winning modesty of her face and manner.

"For my sister," answered Bethia, quickly. "I have claims I cannot leave."

"Are you the young widow then? And is that your child?" asked the Countess, noting the motherly, protecting air with which Bethia was holding her little nephew, and yet puzzled when she saw Sophy's deep mourning dress.

"No, I am the widow," answered Sophy, never abashed, and always equal to any explanation. "And that is my child. But Bethia has a grandmotherly way that children like, and my baby will go to her even from me. But I should be of most use as companion to any lady. Bethia is quiet, she does not know how to make amusing conversation. While as for the fashions, dear me! a new mode in trains might have been the rage for a year, and Bethia would know nothing of it."

"I am myself almost as ignorant," said Lady Huntingdon, with a smile that somewhat disconcerted Madam Sophy. This young peeress, who cared more for preaching than playgoing, and whose dress, though rich and suitable for her rank, was quieter than she had ever seen worn by a lady of title, was a new figure in Sophy's eyes. She was tired of her present life, and eager to escape to some excitement that would make her forget her troubles, or she would have seen at once that there were few points in common between herself and the noble patroness of the Wesleys and Whitefield, the future foundress of a religious body.

"My sisters-in-law, the Ladies Hastings, would like well a quiet companion such as yourself," continued Lady Huntingdon thoughtfully, looking again at Bethia's sweet, modest face. "They want some one to write their letters and read religious books to them, and be their almoner."

"I can do all that," responded Sophy eagerly, afraid that her chance was slipping away from her. "I can write and read by the hour together, even religious books," gulping down an inward distaste.

"Indeed, I am not free to take such a post," rejoined Bethia, colouring as she saw that her ladyship's eyes, in spite of Sophy's words, were still fixed on her.

"And what will become of your child?" asked the Countess, rather coldly, of the other.

"Bethia will take care of it," answered young Mistress Marsden promptly.

"Be it so, then," said the lady in rather a disappointed tone, after again receiving assurances from both Mrs. Wesley and Bethia that such a post was only sought for Sophy.

A week later the young widow departed to her new duties. In the Countess' sober household she felt rather like a gay parrokeet among serious blackbirds. But she escaped from dependence, and went to a family of rank, from which, she flattered herself, it would be easy to flit to more congenial service. So she set off, well content, and Bethia remained at the Foundery with her helpless charges.

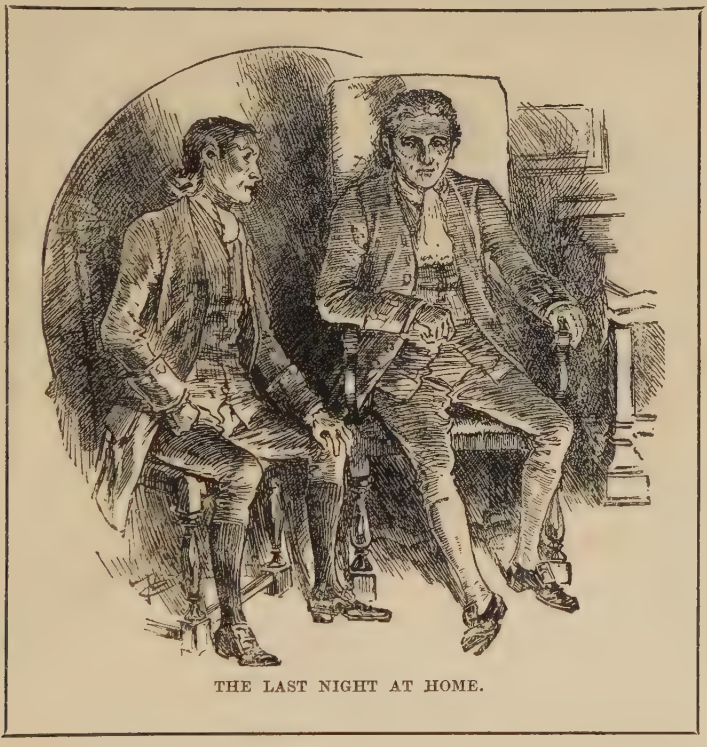
CHAPTER XVI.

SQUIRE PATTERSON COMES TO TOWN.

Once again Squire Patterson sat musing in his old parlour. The room was full of memories to him still, but time was drawing the bitterness out of the sad remembrances, and adding some that were new and sweet. Nothing had been removed that reminded him of his wife's presence, and he loved to touch the things that she had handled, and linger by the spot where she used to sit. But there was a corner now that was always Wesley's place when he came, and books of his giving lay on the window-seat. Squire Patterson's life was making for itself a new channel, and one of which he was so sure

Frances would have approved that the old and the new associations began to blend in one happy stream.

The last year had brought many changes. John Wesley, with characteristic energy, had followed up his thought, and never rested till the squire made his first attempt at field preaching. It was the great evangelist's frequent custom to take, as he had done in coming to Longhurst, some layman with him as his companion and helper. He lost no time in securing Denis Patterson's company in this way, and when once out



THE LAST NIGHT AT HOME.

with his leader the squire became an able assistant. He quailed at an angry mob no more than the bold preacher he accompanied; and his gift of direct, pithy speech won Wesley's admiration and delight.

"You must never go back to Longhurst; it would be hiding your light under a bushel," he told his pupil. "Come and share my parish, which is the world."

The squire shrank long from such a resolution. He was modest, and doubted his own powers; and then he loved Longhurst, and felt that his heart's home was there. But Wesley was urgent, and his own conscience put in a strong plea. If he had been called to the work, was it not at his soul's peril to turn back?

This question was at last settled. Only some minor points that hung thereupon remained to be debated on the fine March evening when he sat musing in his parlour, and saw from the window his old friend, Mr. Frant, walk up the meadow. The little apothecary entered and took his accustomed seat near the squire.

"It is such a pleasant place to leave," said Mr. Patterson, speaking out of his reveries, but aware that his friend would understand.

He looked, as he spoke, at the landscape outside. The stiff brown honeysuckles on the porch were swelling with bud-points of tender green, and primroses and violets nestled at their roots. In the distance the woods were breaking out into faint yellows, warm browns, and misty greens, the many lovely hues that they take before the full tide of summer verdure rushes down and clothes them. Meadow and ploughed land and hillside were kindling into the freshened colour and quickened life which in-

clude all that we mean by spring. The squire's eyes went from one reviving beauty to another; no wonder that he felt reluctance to leave such a fair, familiar scene.

Mr. Frant assented silently. He recognized the sacrifice.

"The work will be safe in your hands, I know, Frant," said the squire. "You will keep up the meetings and visit the poor folks. But it is strange how I feel leaving the old home. I shall think of it when I am away: no fire on this hearth, no one sitting in the garden on fine summer evenings. You would not believe what a pang such thoughts will give me. I did not think I had such a right hand to cut off."

"But your servants stay on here," said Mr. Frant.

"Oh, yes. Hannah remains, of course; I would not turn such an old servant adrift. And Tom will manage the farm for me; I have always found him faithful. He and Betsy are going to marry, so the farm and house will be well cared for. But there will be no home here; and this was so much a home to me once."

He spoke in low, moved tones, and Mr. Frant again answered him with a silence that covered the truest sympathy. Mr. Frant was a little man and quiet, but no one ever accused him of want of feeling. Noiseless in tread, gentle in touch, he was a welcome visitor to all his patients; and though more than one grumbled at his new Methodist notions, they would not have been content when they were ill without his pleasant and kindly words to help them through. The quiet little apothecary and Frances Patterson had been firm friends. Her husband knew this; and it was the reason why, to Mr. Frant alone, of all men in Longhurst, he sometimes mentioned his lost wife's name.

"I will tell you a thought that lately struck me," said the squire.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Frant.

"You know how Mr. Wesley urges us to use all for God. Suppose I reckoned this old house among my talents. At the Foundery, Mr. Wesley lends his home to any who needs it, and the sick and poor have a ready welcome there. In my travels I shall often meet with needy ones; I could send them home for Hannah to care for. Her heart is in the work, and she would do it well."

"'Tis a good thought," rejoined Mr. Frant, after a minute's silent consideration.

"I think she would have liked it," said the squire; and that meant that the question was decided.

Ten days later his preparations were finished. The fire burnt on the old hearth for the last time for him, and hopes and prayers for the future went up as the squire watched its embers die. Mounted on his own sorrel nag, Cherry, with a modest travelling equipment packed away in his saddle-bags, the squire rode away from his home. A plain suit of snuff-coloured cloth replaced the scarlet waistcoat and buff breeches of former days; but in his neat cocked hat, his curling brown hair tied back with a black ribbon, with his fresh colouring and clear blue eyes, he looked a personable figure as he passed along the country roads.

One night he lay at Bexley, where Wesley had friends to whom such a visitor was welcome. But the next morning he was up and away, and reached London streets before the day had lost all its early freshness. He left his nag at an inn in the city, and went on foot to the Foundery.

In answer to his knock, a stranger opened the door of the dwelling-house. It was a young girl with a fair, peaceful face and soft gray eyes. She asked his business courteously, but the squire's eyes were so busy taking in the details of her appearance, the pretty fair hair lightly crowned by her cap of white muslin, the soft black dress guiltless of ruffle or frill, and relieved only by the muslin handkerchief at her throat, and the expression of tranquil innocence conveyed by all, that he forgot for a moment to answer. Recovering himself with a start, he inquired for John Wesley.

"Mr. Wesley is out, but Mrs. Wesley will soon be down. Will you be seated and wait?"

She pushed a chair towards the visitor, and then continued her work quietly. She was scraping lint and preparing a bandage for an old woman who sat there; evidently one of the Foundery proteges. As she worked she asked kindly after the sufferer's well-being, and when the bandage was finished she laid it on the burnt arm which needed it with such tenderness that her very touch seemed to bring relief.

"It is sure to get well now," said the poor woman, lifting grateful eyes to her.

"Come to me again if it pains you," said Bethia, with a kind smile. "I am always here now and at leisure."

The leisure of which she spoke could have been comparative only, for, as the patient left, Tony roused from the corner in which he had been sitting demurely still.

"I know my spelling quite well, sister. Will you hear me and then let me go and play?"

"You shall go and carry a parcel for me to sister Sophy," answered Bethia; for she knew Wesley's rather stern notions on the subject of children's amusements. "He that plays as a boy will play as a man," was Wesley's idea; and Bethia had some difficulty in paying a reverent respect to her patron's wishes and yet securing lively Tony all the movement he needed.

Fortunately Tony was quite satisfied with the promise, and repeated his spelling with a fluency that delighted his sister. She gave him a word of praise, and received in return an affectionate hug that made her glance towards the stranger present with the first sign of bashfulness she had shown; but the squire only smiled and patted the little lad on the shoulder as he started on his errand pleased and proud.

A child's cry came from the inner room, and Bethia at once disappeared. Bab was there mounting guard while the baby slept, and through the closed door Bethia's voice could be heard soothing the crying infant and talking pleasantly to her little sister.

"She's a good maid," said Mrs. Wesley, who now came in and greeted the squire like an old friend; "and she has had a handful of care for one so young."

More to beguile Mr. Patterson's time while he was waiting than for any other reason, Mrs. Wesley told him Bethia's story. The squire listened as if he had found the key to a puzzle. He said nothing then; but for the day or two that he, like the other assistant preachers in town, shared the daily life of the Foundery, he watched Bethia closely. At the end of that time he laid his scheme before Wesley.

"You want to turn your house into a home for the Lord's destitute ones? It is a thought worthy of you, brother Patterson," said his leader.

"I am glad you approve," answered the squire. "And what say you to making this family the first inmates? You cannot shelter them always, but in my house there are rooms for the children to run in, and there would be quiet, too, for the father at his studies. The young maid and Hannah will care for all, and for more orphans if I find such."

"I think it an excellent scheme," returned Wesley, his eyes brightening, as they always did at any prospect of benevolence. "Brother Patterson, you are laying out your talents at good interest."

"And that maid will be a blessing wherever she goes," added Mrs. Wesley softly.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY PROFESSOR LEWIS M. HAUPT.

Through the long day and longer night
We lie upon our beds in pain,
While anxious vigils watch the light
Of lives that flicker, wax and wane;
Yet some remain, and hope regain.

When days to weeks are lengthened out
And mortal weakness claims its own,
When hope is overwhelmed by doubt
And we are longing for our home;
Sad and alone, we weep and moan.

The weeks are months, the months are years;
And still we linger in this vale
Of human misery and tears,
Praying that God would hear our wail
To rend the vail and end the tale.

"My ways are not as thine," replies
The Comforter, to every breast.
"My grace sufficeth," from the skies
Comes the refrain that bringeth rest
To heart distressed, from spirits blest.

"My yoke is easy," and you'll find
"My burden light." You shall not fall,
These sufferings will but sanctify
And help you to await the call
Which comes to all, in hut or hall.

Let Patience have her perfect work
And show the road that Jesus trod,
That never mortal man may shirk
The narrow way that leads to God.
Whose Golden Rod doth gently guide
Unto the blessed Saviour's side.

—*The Lutheran Observer.*

"DINNA FORGET SPURGEON."

BY "IAN MACLAREN."

This charge was given to the good old man on the morning of market day as he brought the mare from the stable, as he harnessed her into the dogcart, as he packed the butter-basket below the seat, as he wrestled into his top-coat, worn for ceremony's sake, and as he made the start—line upon line, and precept upon precept as he was able to receive it, but the conclusion of the matter and its crown was ever the same: "Dinna forget Spurgeon."

"There's twal pound o' butter for the grocer, the best ever left this dairy, and he maun gie a shillin', or it's the laist Andra Davie 'll get frae me; but begin by askin' fourteen-pence, else it's eleven ye'll bring back. He's a lad, is Andra, and terrible grippy.

"For ony sake tak' care o' the eggs, and mind, they's no turnips ye're handlin' —it's a fair temptin' o' Providence, to see the baskit in yir hands—ninepence a dozen, mind, and tell him they're new laid an' no frae Ireland; there's a handfu' o' flowers for the wife, and a bit o' honey for their sick laddie, but say naethin's o' that till the bargain's made.

"The tea and sugar a'ye markit on a bit paper, for it's nae use bringin' a bag o' grass seed, as ye did fower weeks ago, an' there's ae thing mair a' micht mention—for ony sake dinna pit the paraffin oil in the same basket wi' the loaf sugar; they may fit fine, as ye said, but otherwise they're no good neeburs. And, John, dinna forget Spurgeon."

Again and again during the day and in the midst of many practical operations, the goodwife predicted to her handmaidens what would happen, and told them, as she had done weekly, that she had no hope.

"It's maist awfu' hoo the maister'll gae wanderin' and doderin' thro' the market a' day, pricin' cattle he's no gaein' tae buy, an' arguin' about the rent o' farms he's no gaein' to tak', an' never gie a thocht tae the errands till the laist meenut.

"He may bring hame some oil," she would continue, gloomily, as if that were the one necessity of life to which a male person might be expected to give attention; "but ye needna expect ony tea next week"—as if there were not a week's stock in the house—"and ye may tak' ma word for it there'll be nae Spurgeon's sermon for Sabbath."

As the provident woman had written every requirement—except the oil, which was obtained at the ironmonger's, and the Spurgeon, which was sold at the draper's —on a sheet of paper and pinned it on the topmost cabbage leaf which covered the butter, the risk was not great, but that week the discriminating prophecy of the goodman's capabilities seemed to be justified, for the oil was there, but Spurgeon could not be found. It was not in the bottom of the dogcart, nor below the cushion, nor attached to a piece of saddlery, nor even in the good man's trousers pocket—all familiar resting-places,—and when it was at last extricated from the inner pocket of his top-coat—a garment with which he had no intimate acquaintance—he received no credit, for it was pointed out with force that to have purchased the sermon and then to have mislaid it was worse than forgetting it altogether.

"The Salvation of Manasseh," read the goodwife; "it would have been a fine-like business to have missed that; a'll warrant this 'll be ane o' his sappiest, but they're a' gude," and then Manasseh was put in a prominent and honourable place behind the basket of wax flowers in the best parlour till Sabbath.

It was the good custom in that kindly home to ask the "lads" from the bothie into the kitchen on the Sabbath evening, who came in their best clothes and in much confusion, sitting on the edge of chairs and refusing to speak on any consideration. They made an admirable meal, however, and were understood to express gratitude by an attempt at "gude nicht," while the foreman stated often, with the weight of his authority, that they were both "extrordinar' lifted" by the tea, and "awful ta'en up" with the sermon. For after tea the "maister" came "but," and having seen that every person had a Bible, he gave a Psalm, which was sung either to "Coleshill" or "Martyrdom"—the musical taste of the household being limited and conservative to a degree. The goodman then read the chapter mentioned on the face of the sermon, and remarked by way of friendly introduction: "Noo we'll see what Mr. Spurgeon has to say the nicht."

Perhaps the glamour of the past is on me, perhaps a lad was but a poor judge, but it seemed to me good reading—slow, well pronounced, reverent, charged with tenderness and pathos. No one slept or moved, and the firelight falling on the serious faces of the stalwart men, and the shining of the lamp on the good gray heads as the Gospel came, sentence by sentence, to every heart, is a sacred memory, and I count that Mr. Spurgeon would have been mightily pleased to have been in such meetings of homely folk.

It was harvest time, when Manasseh was read, and there being extra men with us, our little gathering was held in the loft, which is the place where corn is placed which is to be threshed in the mill, It was full of wheat in heavy, rich, ripe, golden sheaves, save a wide space in front of the machinery, and the congregation seated themselves in a semicircle on the sheaves. The door through which the corn is forked into the loft was open, and, with a skylight in the low dusty roof, gave us, that fine August evening, all the light we needed. Through the window we could look on some stacks already safely built, and on fields, stretching for miles, of grain cut and ready for gathering, and beyond to woods and sloping hills towards which the sun was westering fast. That evening, I remember, we sang,

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,"

and sang it to "French," and it was laid on me as an honour to read "Manasseh." Whether the sermon is called by this name I do not know, and whether it be one of the greatest of Mr. Spurgeon's I do not know, nor have I a copy of it; but it was mighty unto salvation in that loft, and I make no doubt that good grain was garnered unto eternity. There is a passage in it when, after the mercy of God has rested on this chief sinner, an angel flies through the length and breadth of heaven, crying, "Manasseh is saved, Manasseh is saved." Up to that point the lad read, and farther he did not read. You know, because you have been told, how insensible and careless is a schoolboy, how destitute of all sentiment and emotion . . . and therefore I do not ask you to believe me. You know how dull and stupid is a ploughman, because you have been told . . . and therefore I do not ask you to believe me.

It was the light which got into the lad's eyes, and the dust which choked his voice; and it must have been for the same reasons that a ploughman passed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Ye'll be tired noo," said the goodman; "lat me feenish the sermon," but the sermon is not yet finished, and never shall be.

Who of all preachers you can mention of our day could have held such companies save Spurgeon? What is to take their place, when the last of those well-known sermons disappears from village shops and cottage shelves? Is there any other Gospel which will ever be so understood of the people, or so move human hearts as that which Spurgeon preached in the best words of our own tongue? The goodman and his wife have entered into the long ago, and of all that company I know not one now; but I see them as I write, against that setting of gold, and I hear the angel's voice, "Manasseh is saved," and for that evening and others very sacred to my heart I cannot forget Spurgeon.—*British Weekly.*

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY THOMAS H. BENEDICT.

Just a gleam through the darkened by-ways,
Just a rift in the clouds of life,
Sweet light to the eyes so tired
Of battle and turmoil and strife.

Just a staff held out to the weary
Dim seen in the shadows grey,
Just a something to help you onward
To give you the strength to obey.

For despair is a sorrowful valley,
And the cliffs round about it are steep,
And no one seems there to counsel or share
Your griefs in that dungeon so deep.

Yet you know there are voices about you
Trying to place the key,
That will open the heart to admit the dart
Of light and let you see.

Sometimes it is not a light at all,
But a glance from a loving face;
Or a soft low note of harmony,
That finds for the key its place.

It may be but one, or it may be all
That into your heart will fly,
It is offered in plenty at every hand
For it's God, and it lives for aye.

IS IT ONLY "THE DREAM OF A DREAMER?"

BY MAUD PETITT.

It was twilight, and Dr. Walton, sitting by his study window, watched the shadows deepen about the old church, of which he was pastor. The passers-by were many, for it was Christmas Eve. Christmas Eve on Fifth Avenue, with its crowded street-cars and hurrying pavements! But Dr. Walton was not intent on street life just then. A sigh escaped his lips, and he rose and paced the room restlessly for a few moment, then sat down again, his eyes rivetted on an article in one of our Methodist papers. It was only a few paragraphs, headed, "A Crisis!" and such words as these met his glance:

"Methodism in a crucial place—Need to run up the danger-signal—The whole denomination startled by the smallness of our numerical increase—Revivals less frequent and less fruitful — Formalism increases — The spirit of aggressiveness beginning to wane."

No wonder he sighed still more heavily as he laid the paper down. Was it a mistake after all, then? a dying cause—this, to which he had given his strength, his manhood, his whole being? Was it a sinking ship? A mere outburst of religious enthusiasm to flourish awhile, then wane like the power of Mahomet, yea, even more quickly? Ah, how he had fought for it! Like a flash the past burst on him; the days when he was a bare-foot boy on his father's poor little bush farm, and, later on, the struggles of his college days, the close economies, the thread-bare coats, the labour in workshop or on farm during his vacation, and the hours of midnight toil to cultivate every talent for the use of his Master! The long years of untiring zeal in the pastorate! And now that his hairs were turning gray, must he hear it pronounced a waning cause? Ah, it was bitter—very bitter.

And yet was Methodism a failure? No, never! So long as its churches, like mighty bulwarks, should dot hill and valley, all over the land! So long as it should sound the name of Jesus from Canada to Japan, from Greenland to India, from England to the South Seas! Never! Never! Never!

But yet was there not a little coldness and formality creeping in—yes, right there in Fifth Avenue church? Was the warm pulse throbbing there that had throbbed in the coal mines of England, and in that primitive dwelling of Paul Heck? Did he himself think only of winning the people to Christ, or had he, too, a dream of being everybody's favourite, of "making a success," as we term it? Perhaps so.

And he closed his eyes a little sadly as he leaned back in his chair. His daughter was playing a soothing dreamland air, and the notes sounded fainter and fainter, and farther off, till he scarcely heard their ripple in his dream, then nearer and stronger, and sweeter, till they broke into the clear chime of the Christmas bells. It was Christmas Sunday.

There was a hallowed hush in the vestry, as he knelt there; the bells ceased chiming; the great organ pealed forth its measured waves, and the pastor of Fifth Avenue church took his place. But, lo! was this his congregation? Whence came all these people? People in silks and furs? Yes, they were there. But that was not all. Why, there were people in rags and patches; people in old coats and half-crushed hats! Where? Up in the gallery? No, right here in the best seats. Look in Judge Arthur's pew, at those four little ragamuffins, and there in Dr. Pearce's seat, that old, friendless-looking couple, and just across the aisle, in the pew of Mr. Ormond, M.P., the degraded-looking fellow, who lay drunk by the roadside the day before. There was every type of humanity there, from the cultured and refined Miss Arthur, down to the fallen daughters of Eve.

Then something moved Dr. Walton to speak as he had never spoken, to hold up the bleeding hands, to picture the thorn-crowned brow, and, more terrible still, that refined and sensitive soul, borne down under the awful darkness of our sensuality and sin. Surely he had never pleaded

as he pleaded then. He told them, too, of the great needs of those lands across the sea; then the closing hymn rose in great waves from that multitude of voices. But how should he welcome all these strangers? But see! Everybody is turning to greet them, to give them a hearty hand-clasp, and bid them come again. Surely the Christmas spirit has been awakened in his people.

Then the crowd poured out, and the pretty and talented Miss Arthur came up the deserted aisle.

"Do you remember, Dr. Walton, you said once it was a poor church that never produced a missionary. It shall not be said of ours. I have come to offer myself to-day as a Christmas gift for China."

It was Dr. Walton's crowning joy, but a hand was placed gently on his forehead. Another voice was at his side.

"Walter, dear, there is some one in the parlour waiting to see you," said Mrs. Walton.

It was a dream, then. He had fallen asleep right there in his own easy-chair, by the window. And yet, God helping him, could he not make this dream a reality in his church, he thought, as he hurried to see his caller. Shall we make it a reality in our churches? Or, shall we let them degenerate into mere formal lecture-rooms, where we are well instructed, to be sure, but where there is no thought of bringing the world to Jesus? If it is our duty to attend church, is it not a still more important duty to take some one else?

"THE WINDS AND THE SEA OBEY HIM."

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Who once hath heard the sea above her graves
Sing to the stars her requiem, and on whom
Her spell is laid of shoreward-sliding waves,
Alternate gleam and gloom,

In reverent mood and silent, standing where
Her hundred throats their diapason raise,
Hath found the very perfectness of prayer
And plenitude of praise.

Thenceforward is his hope a thing apart
From man's perplexing dogmas, good or ill;
Deep in the sacred silence of his heart
His faith abideth still—

A faith that fails not, steadfast, humble, kind,
Amid a vexing multitude of creeds
That bend and break with every passing wind,
Like tempest-trampled reeds.

The tide of man's belief may ebb or flow,
Its swift mutations, many though they be,
He heedeth not who once hath come to know
The anthem of the sea.

From sages and their blindly fashioned lore
He turns to watch with reverential eyes
The seas men fear serve ceaselessly before
The God whom men despise!

Through length of days and year succeeding year
Earth's strongest power serves Heaven's still stronger one,
And all the winds, in holy-hearted fear,
To do his bidding run.

Ah, likewise serving, restless hearts, be still,
And learn, like little children, of the way,
Secure in Him, whose strong, enduring will
The winds and sea obey!

—*The Congregationalist.*

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.*

A good deal of ungenerous criticism of this Society has been expressed—we think by those who misapprehend its purpose and methods. It has been described as a self-constituted clique of ambitious men; as a weak imitation of the "Forty Immortals" of the French Academy; as an institution which has no reason for its existence in this busy democratic age. Those who are familiar with its history know that far other was the generous purpose of the Marquis of Lorne in promoting its formation, and far other the aim of its energetic officers. The object was rather to bring together into intellectual and social co-operation the hardest workers in science and literature of our own country, both French and English; to suggest or direct investigation on lines of practical value, especially in the mathematical, chemical, and biological sciences; to co-ordinate the operations of independent workers; to promote studies of the origins of Canadian history, our "Incunabula Gentis;" to furnish the means of publication and distribution and exchange of important papers and documents; and to enrich the literary and scientific work of Canada by contributions from the learned men and distinguished investigators of other lands.

The Society did much to promote also the meeting of the British Association in Canada, and to make it the great success it was. It seeks also the creation of a national museum for the collection and preservation of historical material; advises the Government on the survey of the tides and currents of Canadian waters, and promotes the unification of time at sea.

The best demonstration of the success which has attended these efforts is the two stout octavo volumes before us, embracing about two thousand pages, with many engravings, maps, fac-similes, etc. The Society forms also the nexus and means of intercommunication between the various local historical, geographical, literary and scientific societies of Canada.

It was to this Society that the inspiration and direction of the very successful Cabot Quadricentennial Anniversary was due, and in these volumes is fully recorded the only adequate commemoration in any land of that great event. To this we refer in another part of this magazine. Sir John G. Bourinot contributes also an admirable study of Canada during the Victorian era, of eighty pages, with numerous illustrations. The volumes contain also studies of the economic resources of Canada, of the winter navigation of the St. Lawrence, of the progress of science, and administration of public institutions in Canada, etc.

So far from making the Society an exclusive clique, it started out with eighty members, just twice as many as France, with its centuries of learned and scientific progress, admits to its Academy. This number has increased to about one hundred and twenty, with no limit to its corresponding members. Sir J. W. Dawson, Sir Daniel Wilson, Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, Dr. Sandford Fleming, Principal Grant, Professor William Clark, Archbishop O'Brien, Dr. Selwyn, Dr. G. M. Dawson, Monsignor Hamel, and many others have enriched the transactions of the Society and the literature of our country with very admirable contributions. No reference to this Society would be complete if it did not contain a tribute of appreciation to its indefatigable Honorary Secretary and ex-President, to whom more than any other man is due its distinguished success. Sir John Bourinot has exhibited remarkable tact, ability, and unwearying industry in conducting the multifarious duties of his office as well as in editing the bulky volumes of its transactions.

* "Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada." Second series. Volumes III.–IV., 1897–1898. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

HE KNEW NOT HIS POWER.

He toiled on the street for his daily bread,
  Jostled and pushed by the surging throng.
"No one has time to watch," he said,
  "Whether I choose the right or the wrong;
No one can be by me misled."

He chose the wrong, and thought no one cared;
  But a child lost that day his ideal of strength;
A cynic sneered at the soul ensnared;
  A weak man halted, faltered, at length
Followed him into the sin he had dared.

THE PENDULUM SWINGS BACKWARD.

BY BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

There is no question that the present trend of German criticism on the Gospels and the Pentateuch is in favour of the conservative position. For the last thirty years, until a very recent date, the general contention has been in favour of the position assumed by the so-called higher critics. All kinds of theories have been started to prove that Moses wrote from various documents, and that these documents were often of doubtful historical value. Then there have been numerous negative critics, who have undertaken to prove that Moses was simply a general name for various writers of early historical matter. The number has been by no means small, also, of those who have taken exception to all the main qualities of Isaiah and of all the other prophets. This process of the disintegration of the Old Testament has been no more nor less than a fad, the main purpose of some writers being to go as far as possible in the negative criticism of the entire Old Testament.

The pendulum is now swinging back in the opposite direction. Take, for instance, Pastor G. Stosch, of Berlin, who, not contented with making an individual attack on the critical school, is publishing a series of small volumes intended to cover the whole field of Old Testament criticism. The whole series is called Old Testament Studies. Perhaps the most important of these is that particular one which he calls "From Sinai to Nebo." Textual evidence is presented to show that the three books, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, to say nothing of the other two books of the Pentateuch, were written by none other than Moses himself. Stosch's style is very pleasing, and this, as well as other portions of the general series, is so written as to reach the great masses of the people. The appeal to return to the old evangelical standards is very frankly and logically made. This publication is one of the signs, and by no means a slight one, that the German people are beginning to return to the school of Neander, Tholuck and Hengstenberg.

The same process of evangelical reaction can be seen in a volume by Dr. Godet. This is the second volume of his introduction to the New Testament. The point had already been contended for that Matthew, Mark and Luke were composed from two written sources. Godet asks if the Church made the selection of the present Canonical Gospels, and chose just these particular ones as a matter of free selection, in order to use them as combative weapons against the doctrines of Montanism and Gnosticism. He holds that our selection of the Gospels existed by the end of the first century, and that by the second century they had reached a still higher grade of adoption and faith, because of the multitude of pseudo writings that arose in the meantime. Godet concludes that all the Gospels are of early dates, and that the process of implicit faith was so complete that by the beginning of the third century, when James and Second Peter had passed the ordeal of examination, the present canon was complete.

Not only Godet, who represents the evangelical school of French exegesis, but other writers as well, are contending more firmly than ever for the strong historical position of the orthodox school. It may be safely said that there has been a marked increase of the number of able and scholarly critics in favour of the conservative position. So soon as the works now written in this interest shall have been translated, and shall have reached England and the United States, it will be found to be really a revival of the whole evangelical position. Already we see evidences, not only in works which have recently appeared in England and in this country, but in the more recent product of the European mind in the articles which have lately appeared in the periodicals of Germany. We have no doubt that within the next five years all the main positions assumed by the higher criticism will have been taken from it. There is not an extreme view hitherto held by the destructive critics of either the Old or the New Testament which has not been greatly weakened or entirely abandoned. —*Western Christian Advocate.*

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.—*Shakespeare.*

Science Notes.

M. EIFFEL.

THE EIFFEL TOWER AND WINDING STAIRWAY.

COMPARATIVE HEIGHTS OF OTHER STRUCTURES.

1. NOTRE DAME, PARIS.
2. ST. PETER'S, ROME.
3. WASHINGTON MONUMENT.
4. PYRAMID (GREAT).
5. CATHEDRAL, ROUEN.
6. CATHEDRAL, STRASBURG.
7. DES INVALIDES, PARIS.
8. CATHEDRAL, COLOGNE.
9. ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS.
10. PANTHEON, PARIS.

The Eiffel Tower will be the most conspicuous feature of the Paris Exposition of 1900, as it was of 1889. Like a gigantic lighthouse it rises above the roofs and domes of the city—an illusion which is heightened by night by the far-flashing Cyclops eye at its summit. Rising to a height of 1,000 feet—500 feet higher than Egypt's greatest pyramid—it was erected in the face of great difficulties and obstacles. M. Eiffel contracted to build the tower in two years, and, despite the mechanical difficulties, the ridicule of all Paris, and repeated strikes among his workmen, he and his corps of expert engineers kept the pledge. The tower was finished even before the specified time; it is apparently safe, and may be ascended by any one of sufficient steadiness of nerves and head.

There is great strength in this iron framework which springs to such a dizzy height. The base consists of four immense piers which bear the names of the four cardinal points. The various parts of the tower are reached by stairways and elevators. The first landing has refreshment rooms, galleries and arcades, from which visitors can enjoy a view of Paris and its environs. The second story has also a covered gallery, while the third consists of a great salon, fifty feet square, shut in by glass on all sides, and here, sheltered from wind and weather, one can see the magnificent panorama spread out below—the towers, domes, monuments, and boulevards, of the city, the Seine winding in and out like a ribbon of steel, while beyond is the circle of hills which completely surround the city.

Above the third platform are laboratories and observatories for scientific purposes, and in the centre is a winding stairway leading to the lighthouse, where an electric light shines out over the city.

Why the government of France and the municipality of Paris were willing to pay £160,000 in order that the Eiffel Tower should be put up, is a question that has perplexed many a wise head. Some eminent scientists claim that as an observatory it is useless, owing to its

slight but perceptible swaying, and that nothing can be seen from the top that could not be seen as well from a balloon.

In the face of these statements it would seem that its chief claim to consideration must be in the fact that it is the tallest structure ever designed by man. As an architectural achievement in the way of art for art's sake it is undoubtedly the greatest in this or any other century.

A brilliant French writer, M. Eugene-Melchoir de Vogue, gives his impressions as follows of this remarkable structure :

We saw them lay the foundations deep down on a bed of solid clay ; soon the four megalithic feet of the elephant-like structure pressed upon the soil ; from these stone pedestals rafters sprang at such angles as to upset all our ideas as regarding the equilibrium of an edifice ; a forest of plate-iron work took root and grew, revealing nothing to the eyes watching as to its object. At a certain height the raising up of the material became very difficult ; cranes were fastened to the structure, which like huge crabs grasped with their pincers the needed articles, and, unmindful of their enormous weight, easily lifted them to their required places. A second story was thrown up from the first ; all of the framework seemed like an enormous carapace which gave neither the impression of height nor of beauty. However, the great difficulties were now conquered. The first story had presented to the constructor the hardest problems ; the second was finished with much less trouble in six months.

Starting from this story rose the slender column, making its way rapidly into space. The work of its construction largely escaped public view. The autumn mists often entirely concealed the ærial work-yard ; in the twilight of the winter afternoons might be seen reddening against the sky the fire of the forge ; one could scarcely hear the hammers which riveted the ironwork. There was this peculiarity about it, one seldom saw any workmen on the Tower ; it rose apparently alone, as if by the incantation of genii. The great works of other ages, the Pyramids for example, are associated in our minds with the idea of a multitude of human beings bending over handspikes and groaning under chains. The modern pyramid arose by the power of calculation, which made it require only a small number of workers. Each part of the great structure, each one of its bones of iron—to the number of twelve thousand—arrived perfect from the manufactory, and had only to be adjusted to its proper place in the gigantic skeleton. The structure presented an example of what mathematicians call "an elegant demonstration."

At last, one beautiful morning in the spring, the Parisians who had watched the begining of the great column, saw the shaft bordered by an entablature. A campanile rose from this platform, and on its summit our flag displayed its colours. In the evening there appeared in the place of the flag a giant carbuncle, the red eye of a Cyclops who darted his glance over all Paris. "The Tower is finished," cried the voice of fame.

My companions and myself were unanimous in remarking the acceleration of motion, the feverish haste of the Lilliputian people far below. The pedestrians seem to run, throwing forward their tiny limbs with automatic gestures. A moment of reflection, however, will explain the apparent contradiction in impressions ; the eye judges men from a height of one thousand feet as it habitually judges ants from a height of five feet, the relation is about the same. Who does not often exclaim, "How can such little animals run so fast ?" But the actual distance covered is so small that in one sense movement seems arrested. The comparison to an ant-hill is exact at every point, for the agitation of these multitudes of human atoms, rushing in every direction, seems at this distance, as inexplicable, as bizarre, as the flurry of movement seen in an ant-hill.

In the daytime one might prefer, to the urban view spread out from the height of this Tower, the vast and picturesque horizons which open from a peak of the Alps ; but in the evening it is without an equal in the world.

Late one evening I remained alone on the summit. I was struck with the strong resemblance of all my surroundings to those of a man standing on the deck of a vessel at sea. There were the chains, the windlass, the electric lamps fixed to the ceiling. To complete the illusion the wind was raging through the sheet-iron rigging. Even the ocean was not lacking, there it lay under my feet—Paris. The night fell, or rather the clouds, as great veils of crape which steadily grew thicker, rose from below and spread out between the city, and the sky still clear from my standpoint. It seemed as if the night was being drawn up from Paris. The different parts of the city vanished slowly one after another, and soon all were enveloped in darkness. Then lights began to appear, fast multiplying to infinity. Myriads of stars filled this abyss, assuming

the forms of strange constellations joining at the horizon with those of the celestial vault.

Suddenly two luminous bars stretched themselves over the earth. They were the great pencils of light sent out by the two search-lights above my head. The two beams seem to feel their way into the night with sudden, eager movements, as if they were searching for something lost. I could not weary of their movements, so voluntary they seemed, and so anxious. Suddenly they met at right angles; for a moment against the black sky they formed a shining cross, the sign of pity and of prayer, a fitting crown for the great Tower.

M. De Vogue thus describes also the brilliant electric fountains which are so conspicuous a feature of these modern Expositions:

The people seek more and more this supreme feast of the eyes, which may be seen every evening; they even wait long hours in crowded ranks around the basins; and when the jets spout up, a cry arises from the crowd. No wonder, illuminated by the invisible fire, they blend in their changing combinations all the shades and tints of the prism, and form rainbows which raise themselves up into the air and fall back again shattered into cascades of pearls and diamonds.

I went to visit in their subterranean cave the brave workmen who make in the heat and in the darkness the preparations for this fairy scene. Like their brothers in coal mines, although with less hardships, they go to extract for other men the light and the joy which they themselves do not see. A bell is sounded; some orders in cipher are flashed across a signal board, directing the men in the use of the levers. Immediately in the funnel-formed reflectors rays of light appear and are seized in the chimneys by inclined mirrors which send them to the openings above. Plates of blue, red, yellow, all-coloured, glass glisten over our heads. One could easily imagine himself in the central forge of the earth, where the kobolds elaborate the precious stones and form the crystals. These workmen—the good gnomes of actual service—throw themselves upon their levers, and by their toil cause to spring up above that eruption of gems.

In leaving the underground work I stopped at the bell-turret of the commander. That musician gives his orders upon a table which resembles a piano having two key-boards. A line of electric buttons, coloured white, corresponds to to the scale of coloured glass plates, and behind this a row of black buttons corresponds to the plugs of the jets of water. The present system which necessitates the transmission of the orders to the intermediate places under the basins marks the infancy of the art. With a few simplifications which will not surpass the genius of an ordinary mechanism, a single man will be able to work directly from his bell-turret the stop-cocks of the water-jets and the plates of glass.

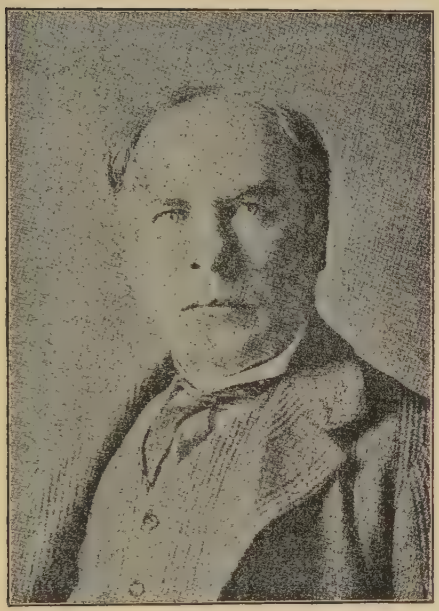
Edison is credited with this statement: "Collision at sea can easily be averted. If the builders of ships were to put in proper diaphragms at the bottom and sides of vessels, a man stationed on duty there could hear the approach of another vessel for a distance of eighteen miles. This has been demonstrated by the diving-bell. By the means of these diaphragms the danger of collisions at sea is entirely averted."

Among the latest inventions which Yankee genius has given the world is a door-knob which renders a latch-key superfluous. By rotating the knob in the same manner as a safe-lock until the proper combination is secured, the door can be opened.

The recently reported discovery made by Edison of a process by which cast iron may be given the tensile properties of malleable iron, will, if perfected, revolutionize the iron industry. Thousands of articles which are now forged or turned out on lathes or other machines by a slow and expensive process will be cast as readily as common cast-iron articles are now. Further than this, the new alloy will do away with the slow process of making malleable iron by producing at once from the melting furnace the desired articles, not only quickly and cheaply, but stronger and tougher than if malleableized.

Paper Belting.—A new paper belting is being made in Germany. Manilla hemp is used, and is made into tubes and strongly compressed, and then joined by threads. It is coated with a preparation which renders it proof against atmospheric changes, friction, slipping or lengthening, and in consequence of the electricity it develops, adheres thoroughly to the iron pulley. The advantages claimed for it are economy and durability.

MR. R. W. PERKS, M.P., ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND.*



R. W. PERKS, ESQ., M.P.

In South Africa generally our programme has been translated into four or five of the languages of the native races already. From the poverty-stricken people of India there is coming a most magnificent response. In Canada, where Methodism happily is united and not dissevered, which would prevent them from entering upon an attempt equal in boldness to our own, they are having the greatest possible success, and in the United States of America, as you are well aware, the sum they are setting themselves to raise is not one million, but four millions. But, sir, the effect of this movement is not merely seen in the various Churches of Methodism throughout the colonies and the world, but it is seen in the other religious communities in this country. The Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Primitive Methodists and the New Connexionalists have already instituted their twentieth-century funds.

If I might venture earnestly to appeal to this conference it would be to ask you to adhere resolutely to the cardinal principle upon which this fund rests—one person, one guinea. I do not mean to say—I never have said—that we should refuse the larger subscriptions, the larger donations of generous Methodists, and people who are even outside the confines of Methodism, who wish to show their thankfulness to God for past mercies and their appreciation of the work of Methodism to-day and in the coming century, by subscribing more than the one guinea for themselves and the members of their families. What I do say is this, that the secret of this wonderful success which has been attained by the blessing of God, and by the blessing of God alone, upon this movement is, it has come home to the hearts of the people of Methodism. We never could have raised the fund if we had followed old methods. If you had sent deputations perambulating the country, buttonholing the rich Methodists and asking them to head the lists, you would never have done it. Do not let us now find fault with our machinery and mistrust our weapons. We have met with a magnificent response from upwards of half a million of people. Such a thing has never occurred in the financial history of Methodism before. Large funds in Methodism have hitherto been raised by mere fractions of our people, but now you have got into the homes and hearts of the people, and do not let us in

* Through the courtesy of the Rev. A. C. Crews we are able to present the accompanying portrait and speech of the inaugurator of this great Forward Movement. Mr. Perks is the son of a Methodist minister, the late Rev. Geo. T. Perks, M.A., of the British Conference. He inherited, according to promise, the good things of his good parentage and training. A lawyer by profession, his name stands connected with many great public works as well, such as the Severn Tunnel, the Buenos Ayres Harbour, the Nicaragua Canal, and even the railways of Siam. He is, besides his legal acquisitions, a great civil engineer. He is, indeed, one of the very few outsiders who have ever been elected to a membership of the Institute of Civil Engineers. Mr. Perks is a member of the British House of Commons, and generally alluded to as the leader of the "Nonconformist Party." He is a great Methodist. Not only is his voice heard on public occasions, but he gives his time and also his money very freely to the work of God and of the Church he loves.

fear and fright, faithlessness and hopelessness, do not let us drop this magnificent instrument which, by the blessing of God, has been put into the hands of our people. If you go and exhaust this source of Christian liberality by asking your richer men now to contribute large sums, to save the committee trouble in organizing or industry in canvassing, you have deprived yourselves of the very source of revenue upon which we most rely for raising the large funds that this movement will necessarily call forth.

I am a modest, practical, business man, and not a visionary, and not a theorist—I know very little poetry. As soon as we get the million of guineas, personally, I shall be disposed to close this fund, when we have reached the object that we set out for. When we have accomplished it, our work is done, and I would exclude the laggards and the sluggards who cannot come in in time from having their names inscribed on the historic roll. I would leave them out and close the book, and I would leave it for their children to say to them, "Father, is your name on the roll? Mother, is your name on the roll?"—and I would leave it for them to say that they had forgotten, or that they had not listened to the voice of God. I wish to acknowledge the magnificent service which has been rendered by the ordained ministers of Methodism during the year to the movement. Brethren who have tramped the kingdom for half a century in the cause of God have been fired with enthusiasm, and they have resumed all the vigour and the brilliancy of youth, as they have pleaded in the name of God and in the name of the people of our country for this great fund. May I appeal to the great mass of Methodist workers to put their individual efforts into this work? It cannot be done by committees. We are in the habit of thinking nowadays that the world's work is to be done by committees and synods and royal commissions and parliaments and such like. The great work of humanity and of the Church is to be done by individual men, and that will be the way in which this great enterprise will be carried to a conclusion in the circuits—under the administration, I agree, of the officers and the committees—by people individually seeing that their friends and associates and neighbours are upon the historic roll.

Do not let us be too squeamish in advocating the ends of this fund and in presenting the historic roll for signature in connection with the religious and spiritual services of our Church. We want to make during the next few months a great impression upon the young people of Methodism. Some of you had the privilege of attending that magnificent demonstration in the Albert Hall a few months ago, when the great building was crowded with the young Methodist life of London. We want during the time remaining to have a series of meetings of that character in the great centres of population in the country. We do not think that Lancashire will lag behind in responding through the Sunday-schools to our appeal. The success will depend on the intelligent, godly co-operation of the 130,000 teachers of Methodism. Many Sunday-schools have already decided, through the generosity of their officers and their teachers, to place the name of every child upon the historic roll.

Our cardinal object is to secure the entry on the roll of a million people, who thereby identify themselves with the name and the work and the future of Methodism. It is not to raise, say, one thousand guineas only from a circuit, but it is to put on the roll of that circuit every member, every scholar, every worshipper, every friend and adherent and associate who can be brought into this contribution to the work of God and the treasury of God. Do not stand between the Methodist people who want to inscribe their names on the roll and will be prevented from doing so simply because you will not take the necessary trouble to organize the movement and to submit its claims to them.

I am not anxious for our Church to go knocking at the door of aristocracy seeking alms for Methodism; not a bit of it. We have within ourselves abundant resources. We do not want the patronage of distinguished people. This is the work which we can accomplish ourselves if we only respond to the voice of God. At the same time, I am not the man to refuse the gift of distinguished people who come forward unsolicited. But I beg to say I am not going to write begging letters asking them to give to this work. I am not going even to tell a Methodist layman what I think he ought to give. Several of my friends who seem to have a great deal of money to spend, which I have not, have said to me: "What ought I to give to the fund? Mr. So-and-so has given so much, and Mr. So-and-so so much. What ought I to give?" My answer invariably has been: "Give what the Spirit of God

guides you to give. It is not for me to tell you. This is a point to be settled, not by the treasurer of the fund, not by the superintendent of the circuit, not by any circuit committee. You must not be guided by A, B, or C, but go into the presence of God, seek His guidance, and then you will give generously and well."

I had a letter from a distinguished friend of mine a day or two ago, a friend distinguished in this country, who has held high offices and served the Queen. He sent me one hundred guineas, and he said that he was going to write his name on the roll. I never asked him for a penny. He said he was going to pick out also ninety-nine Methodist children round about his country house and see that their names were put on the roll. That man was the late prime minister of England, Lord Rosebery. And so, my friends, let us go on trusting to the providence of God, relying upon the efficiency of our methods, and we shall, I am sure, succeed in this bold but necessary movement to equip Methodism for the work of God in the coming century.

Hugh Price Hughes on How to Raise the Fund.

We must succeed, and by God's grace we shall succeed. But I do want in a sentence to emphasize this fact: We must take our coats off in this matter, we must put our hearts into the business, if it is to be achieved. I remember reading in an interesting essay written by one who is not a Methodist, that out of every three persons you meet in this country at least one is directly or indirectly connected with Methodism. We can scarcely realize the extent to which the whole country is leavened by Methodism. Hundreds of thousands of people who are not with us to-day have all sorts of family and traditional connection with Methodism, and they may be led on an occasion like this to give the guinea if they were only asked. The superintendents of circuits have plenty of work, but they also have plenty of young people in the churches. We have them by hundreds of thousands. Let us have as much sense as party politicians have. Let us for once take as much interest in religion as party politicians take in their party, who get a complete list of the voters and visit them and ask every one to vote for their candidate. During the next eighteen months, if we only take the trouble to call upon every person whom we know to be in some way, directly or indirectly, connected with Methodism, we shall get all we want without bringing any pressure whatever upon those who are always giving and must be always giving.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND.

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand—
  The hand of a friend most dear,
Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land—
  But what of the hand that is near?

To the living's touch is the soul inert
  That weeps o'er the silent urn?
For the love that lives is our hand alert
  To make some sweet return?

Do we answer back in a fretful tone,
  When life's duties press us sore?
Is our praise as full as if they were gone,
  And could hear our praise no more?

As the days go by, are our hands more swift
  For a trifle beyond their share,
Than to grasp—for a kindly, helpful lift—
  The burden some one must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And we think ourselves sincere;
But what of the friends that about us stand,
  And the touch of the hand that's here?

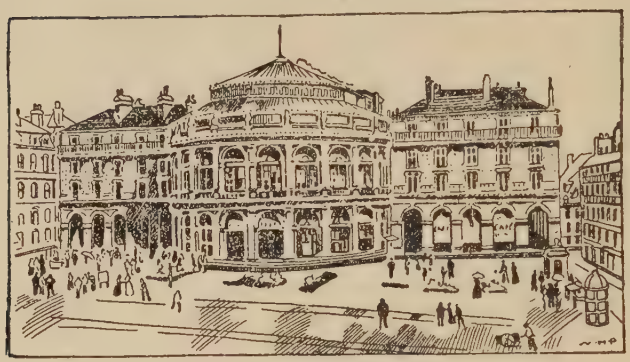
—*John Troland, in Youth's Companion.*

The World's Progress.

DREYFUS.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Author of "The Man with the Hoe."



LYCEUM AT RENNES, SCENE OF THE COURT-MARTIAL OF DREYFUS.

I.

A man stood stained; France was one Alp of hate,
Pressing upon him with the whole world's weight.
In all the circle of the ancient sun,
There was no voice to speak for him—not one.
In all the world of men there was no sound
But of a sword flung broken to the ground.

Hell laughed its little hour; then, behold,
How one by one the guarded gates unfold!
Swiftly a sword by Unseen Forces hurled . . . .
And now a man rising against the world!

II.

Oh, the import deep as life is, deep as time!
There is a Something sacred and sublime
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our ken,
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart, O soul of sorrow, and be strong!
There is One greater than the whole world's wrong.
Be hushed before the high Benignant Power
That moves wool-shod through sepulchre and tower!
No truth so low but He will give it crown;
No wrong so high but He will hurl it down.
O men that forge the fetter, it is vain;
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain.
'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer, and nod,
And shrug the shoulder for reply to God.

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The Dreyfus Case.

The attention of the world has been focused upon the trial which has been dragging its slow length in the court-room at Rennes, as it never was focused on any trial in human history. This is, of course, largely due to the fact that electric nerves thrill throughout the civilized world, and that the slightest act of the prisoner or his counsel was reported to the ends of the earth. The great trials of history, those of the martyr heroes of the Church, of the Seven Bishops, of Charles I., and Louis XIV., are on record for students. But from the court-house at Rennes, it is affirmed, 450,000 words were telegraphed day by day. The reader at Montreal or Melbourne, at Toronto or Tokyo, might be almost said to have been present at the scene.

Few things more different than British modes of procedure and those of the French can be conceived. In the one the accused is assumed to be innocent till his guilt is proven. In the other his guilt is accepted till he can prove his innocence. The passionate appeals, the invective and incrimination, the badgering and baiting, the fervid defiance and defence, the theatrical, not to say hysterical, scenes enacted, seem more suitable to a Jacobin club than to a court of law. Nevertheless, there emerged from this tumult a growing conviction, even among the passionate and prejudiced Frenchmen, of the innocence of Dreyfus. Certainly a British jury would not hang a cat on the evidence adduced for depriving this man of his civil status, for degrading him from the army, for heaping on him untold calumny and vindictive punishment.

The dark and devious methods of terrorism, assassination, and probable murder by which the "affair" has been accompanied, give it a lurid and sinister character. The odious race-hatred of the Jews, which seems to be a mainspring of the prosecution of Dreyfus, is one of the features of the case which links it with the cruel burnings, tortures, and mutilations of the Middle Ages.

The cowardly blow aimed at Labori, and through him at the hunted man whom he so bravely defends, has, as such cowardly tactics always do, recoiled upon the party they were meant to serve, and has given further vigour and increased force to the sledge-hammer blows of the gifted counsel for the prisoner.

As a result of the verdict, the future of the French Republic may be greatly strained, but we believe it will possess vigour enough to quell any rebellion that would make the Dreyfus affair an excuse for wrecking the Government. The forgery and fraud which have been brought home to certain officers of the army show that, however they may prate about "the honour of a soldier," they do not comprehend the honesty of a man.

The riots in the streets of Paris, which sent as many wounded men to the hospital as a great battle, is an indication that "the red fool-fury of the Seine," which more than once has deluged the streets of Paris with blood, menaces the Government as it did in 1789 and 1872. But the firm hand of Loubet is felt at the helm, and he will, doubtless, steer the ship of state through the breakers amid which she strains and tosses into the harbour of peace.

The conviction is that the verdict of the military tribunal at Rennes, bitterly prejudiced against Dreyfus, intensely jealous of "the honour of the army," and untrained in weighing evidence as a civil judge, has caused a monstrous perversion of justice by condemning an innocent man to cruel and wrongful punishment. France herself is on her trial before the tribunal of civilization. She had the chance to show her greatness by rising superior to prejudice and bigotry, but the gutter journalism and the boulevardiers of Paris have exulted savagely over the long-drawn-out torture of their victim and disgraced the once chivalrous French nation in the eyes of Christendom. They shout, "Down with the Jews. Spit on Dreyfus." All the more honour to the brave souls who encountered obloquy, malice, and hatred in standing to the very end by the despised Jew.

The universal outburst of indignation throughout Christendom at the cruel wrong done Dreyfus is one of the minor compensations for its infliction. It demonstrates the sense of justice and righteousness that dominates mankind. On one side is a poor, persecuted, solitary man, of a despised race and unheroic life. On the other is a great and powerful nation almost unanimous in his condemnation. But he has been foully wronged, and the heart and conscience of mankind leap to his defence and denounce, in tones like the thunderings of heaven, this colossal crime. France will do well to heed this warning.

The Boers at Bay.

Of greater moment to English-speaking men is the conflict between an intolerant

absolutism as embodied in the so-called Republic of the Transvaal and the principles of constitutional liberty, as represented by the British-born Outlanders. There have been, in our judgment, serious faults on both sides. The jingoism of Rhodes and his friends, and the reckless Jamieson raid, have roused the antipathy of the Boers and created a feeling of suspicion that the existence of their republic is menaced. The oppression of the Outlanders and the doggedness and tricky evasion of Paul Kruger have exasperated the feelings of either party against the other.

But Time is on the side of right and justice. The diplomatic tact and skill of Lord Salisbury, if permitted, we believe would loose the Gordian knot which Chamberlain threatens to cut with the sword. Should war unhappily break out it can have only one issue—the utter defeat of the Transvaal. But it would be an inglorious victory, would cost many thousands of lives and many millions of treasure, and would leave a heritage of hate between the rival races in South Africa. May God avert such a fearful fate. "After all," says the *Methodist Times*, "Englishmen and Dutchmen together are an insignificant minority in the midst of vast multitudes of Africans. Which is most likely to promote the civilization and the evangelization of the natives of the soil? Is there not a Providence in the history of our relation to Africa, notwithstanding all our sins? Is it not, then, our duty, in the last resort, however reluctantly and sadly, to insist upon the ascendancy of the English race in South Africa, in the general interests of mankind?"

Paul Kruger, who seems a survival of the grim Puritan Ironsides, deems the cause of the Boers, like that of the Israelites of old, the special care of the Almighty. With pious unction he applies the language of the eighty-third Psalm to the British: "They that hate thee have lifted up the head. They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones. They have said, Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance. Do unto them as unto the Midianites; as to Sisera, as to Jabin, at the brook of Kishon: let them be confounded and troubled for ever; yea, let them be put to shame, and perish." But never yet did a people appeal to arms without calling on "the God of battles" to confound their enemies.

More Empire-Building.

While Britain's South African dependencies are menaced with a war which in any case can but widen her sway, on the west coast of that continent a vast domain has been added to the world-wide empire. The Royal Niger Company surrenders its control of the great basin of the Niger for $4,210,522 in cash, important trading concessions, and mining royalties for ninety-nine years. Thus is added to the empire an area of half a million square miles, with a population of twenty-five millions of souls, and with untold possibilities of future development.

The Naval Manœuvres.

While Great Britain has been steadily but energetically preparing for menacing contingencies in South Africa, she has been quietly carrying out her naval manœuvres on the high seas. She has shown that it is possible to safely convoy a grain fleet across the ocean to her harbours despite the attacks of torpedo boats and fast cruisers. The most wonderful fact developed is that amid fog and storm and darkness, by means of wireless telegraphy it was possible to communicate with her convoy at a distance of eighty-six miles four hours before its junction with the protecting fleet. Britannia still rules the waves, and is stronger than any combination of forces that are likely to be brought against her.

Labour Day.

One of the marked aspects of the times is the organization of labour. This was conspicuously shown on Labour Day. All over this continent anvil and forge, spindle and loom stood still, while the sons of toil marched with banners and music through the streets. The highest civic dignitaries were proud to pay them honour and court their favour. The solidarity of labour was strikingly demonstrated. Its thorough organization enables it to sell to advantage the skill and cunning of its hands, and even to dictate terms to capital.

For the most part this tremendous power is used with moderation and good sense. In the recent railway strikes at Cleveland, however, these bounds were overstepped. The use of dynamite to blow up cars and terrorize passengers, and the laying under boycott all who ventured on the tabooed trains, or to supply food or aid to those who did so, were

a tyranny greater than that from which they sought to escape, and cannot but react against those who inflict it. It is only by commanding the sympathy, respect, and moral support of the community that either capital or labour can achieve the highest success.

The picturesque labour procession, with its allegorical floats, its workmen busy at their crafts, the ring of the hammer on the anvil chiming with the music of the band, recalls the mediæval pageants in which the guilds and craftsmen of the free cities of Europe asserted their liberty.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom.
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Not thy councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil.

Special Features.

In this number we commemorate two important events. At Frankfort, the birthplace of Gœthe, and in many other places in Germany and elsewhere, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the poet's birth has been celebrated. This calls attention afresh to his literary career, which is outlined in a special article.

The article on Vasco da Gama commemorates the quadricentennial of his great discovery. On August 29, 1499, he entered the harbour of Lisbon after having doubled the Cape of Good Hope and reaching Calicut on the Malabar coast of India. His discoveries opened the way for the Portuguese empire in India and for other colonizers in the far East. This event has been enthusiastically celebrated in Portugal.

Arrangements are being made for a series of articles for the year 1900, that shall worthily mark the close of the century. We look to the hearty co-operation of our friends to make the twenty-sixth year of this magazine a great stride forward in its history.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

BY REV. CHARLES S. HOYT.

Is this the time, O Church of Christ, to sound
Retreat? To arm with weapons cheap and blunt
The men and women who have borne the brunt
Of truth's fierce strife, and nobly held their ground?
Is this the time to halt, when all around
Horizons lift, new destinies confront,
Stern duties wait our nation, never wont
To play the laggard when God's will was found?

No! rather strengthen stakes and lengthen cords.
Enlarge thy plans and gifts, O thou elect,
And to thy kingdom come for such a time!
The earth with all its fulness is the Lord's.
Great things attempt for Him, great things expect,
Whose love imperial is, whose power sublime.

—*Christian Endeavour World.*

The Present Crisis.

The absorbing topic throughout the United States and in Canada is the Twentieth Century Fund. A feeling of expectancy is in the air. It is an omen of brightest augury for the success of this great movement, that the chief emphasis is laid, not upon the raising of the money, but upon the seeking of a great revival of religion. This far outweighs all other considerations. If it were possible to raise the million dollars apart from such a revival, it would prove a curse rather

than a blessing. But if God's people wait earnestly upon him the spirit of consecration and prayer shall pervade his church, and answers of blessing and benediction shall descend like showers upon the thirsty ground. The outpouring of generous thank-offerings for the mercies of the past will be a pledge and guarantee that God will be faithful to his covenant and richly bestow the benedictions of his grace.

The admirable article by Principal Caven, of Knox College, in the current number of this magazine, will be read with very great interest. Its scriptural basis, its cogent argument, its fraternal spirit, will commend itself to the hearts and consciences of all our readers. Our sister Presbyterian Church is addressing herself with much energy to the task of raising a million dollars, chiefly for education and missions. Its ministers are nobly and generously doing their part, and we wish for them the largest success.

The Hymns We Sing.

Dr. Lambly's admirable paper on this subject will be read with much interest and profit by all who love the songs of Zion. In nothing is the essential unity of the Church of God more strongly shown than in its hymnology. In framing their systematic creeds, the different sections of that Church often unduly emphasize the things that differentiate them from each other. But when they gather in prayer round the footstool of our common Master and Lord, and when they join in singing his praise, they realize that though ten thousand thousand be their tongues, yet "all their joys are one." An excellent article in a late number of the *Westminster* strongly expresses this thought as follows:

"Every hymn-book is a testimony to our indebtedness to the saints. There all little rivalries are lost. Hebrew kings, German reformers, Roman Catholic priests, Episcopalian bishops, Methodist evangelists, Presbyterian ministers, have all conspired to make us their debtors. In their harmonious shout of praise all petty discords die. As we sing those hymns, we step into that shining fellowship, from which no power can excommunicate us but our own little-mindedness and sin."

Third Methodist Œcumenical Conference.

The Third Œcumenical Conference of Methodism, to meet in London next year, is already attracting considerable attention. It will be, we are sure, one of the most significant gatherings of this youngest, yet largest, of the great Churches of Christendom. What wondrous cause for thanksgiving is there, in looking back over the growth of a century! Not in pride or self-sufficiency, but in lowliness of spirit, we may well exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" But the progress of a hundred years furnishes only a starting point for much greater progress in the wonderful new century whose portals are opening before us. We trust that wise counsels, that a spirit of hopefulness, of consecration, of prayer, will mark that œcumenical assembly. The following cogent remarks of the *Westminster* with reference to the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which meets this month, will be no less appropriate to the Pan-Methodist Conference of 1900:

"If the Seventh General Council, calling men from the ends of the earth, gives no help to the spiritualizing of life, the Christianization of politics, literature, industry and commerce, if it has no new note for the new century, and makes no forward movement towards the open doors, it will be the Church's great missed opportunity, and will make for loss to the Kingdom of God."

Will England Become Roman Catholic?

The extravagant assumptions of the ritualists in Great Britain have created an apprehension in the minds of many that the sturdy Protestantism of the nation is being undermined, and that a wholesale defection Romeward is imminent. The facts do not justify that assumption. The recent decisions of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York on ritualistic practices give slight comfort to those who are in sympathy with sacramentarian theories. Professor Goldwin Smith writes on this subject as follows:

"Mr. Richard Bagot asks whether England will ever become Roman Catholic, and answers, Never. Who imagines that she will? What is the trend of her science, her literature, and everything that shapes or foreshadows the mental course of a nation? How many men of intellectual eminence outside the High Anglican clergy have manifested any leanings towards Rome? To what do the supposed supporters of a return to Roman Catholicism amount? There was a movement among the clergy, caused by the fear that the State was withdrawing its

support, which took the shape of Tractarianism and found its catastrophe in an inconsiderable secession. Ritualism is more love of church ceremonial and music than a movement of conviction. Many people who are indifferent to the doctrine go to ritualist and even to Roman Catholic churches as they would go to a concert or a play. The rural population is not affected in the slightest degree. Nor have the ritualists among them laymen of mark. Their leading man is Lord Halifax, distinguished by nothing but his title. England is no more likely to go back to the religion than to the science of the middle ages.

Wesleyan Conference Notes.

From the excellent report in *Zion's Herald*, we glean the following items:

The representative appointed to the Methodist Episcopal Church is Rev. Thomas Allen, who is likely to be the President of the Conference next year. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes would have been appointed but for his desire to be in the Holy Land next spring, which led him to decline the honour.

A most enthusiastic meeting was held in the interests of the Twentieth Century Fund, the marvellous success of which has been the great event of the year. Already $702,674 have been subscribed, and the twelve months to come will certainly complete it.

A donation from Lord Rosebery of £100 was enthusiastically received.

There was rather a lively time over the temperance question, Rev. Thomas Champness wishing the Conference to put on record its "opinion that no Christian man should manufacture or sell intoxicating liquor;" but it proved to be far too radical to meet the minds of the brethren, and was defeated by a large majority.

Holiness was the theme of the ex-President's sermon Sunday night—"Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin,"—and a well-attended meeting for the promotion of holiness was held on one of the other evenings.

A great sensation was produced by the presentation before the Conference, and also on the platform of St. James' Hall, Sunday afternoon, of eighteen French expriests who have, with many others, recently come out of the Church of Rome and are living witnesses to the power of the Gospel. The movement is one of the most remarkable and promising of modern times.

Fifty-two men were received into full connection this year. They were pledged to preach, not to read sermons; and this promise is hereafter to be regularly required of candidates.

A large number of requests from circuits for the reappointment of their ministers beyond the regulation three-year term was presented and most promptly granted. Thus elasticity is given to the time limit for exceptional cases.

There are at present throughout the world fifty-six Methodist deaconess institutions, comprising over eight hundred deaconesses and probationers. Commenting on the character of the work thus accomplished, an exchange says, "With characteristic energy the Methodists have definitely caught and carried out the conviction that the world wants 'mothering.'"

A Grand Record.

The striking growth of missionary givings in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States is shown by the following statement of the Rev. Dr. W. T. Smith, Missionary Secretary of that Church:

"The receipts of the Missionary Society for the first year of its history was $823.04; the last year, $1,242,827.33. The total receipts from the beginning are $34,484,577.99. About half of this money has been expended in the home field—for the work of the Church in this country. The other half has been expended in foreign lands. It is certainly a magnificent record. We can safely estimate an income of $1,250,000 for 1899. This will aggregate for the last decade more than twelve millions and a quarter. The receipts by decades have been as follows:

1820–1829	$51,054 29
1830–1839	462,929 13
1840–1849	1,134,719 58
1850–1859	2,207,842 01
1860–1869	4,975,891 15
1870–1879	6,299,357 45
1880–1889	8,372,668 57
1890–1899	10,998,115 80
Total	$34,484,577 99

Recent Deaths.

The death list of notable men in the kingdom and service of God during the past month is a large one. Conspicuous among these is the venerable William Butler. He passed from labour to reward on August 23rd, in his eighty-second year. Dr. Butler has the honour of being

the founder of the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church both in India and in Mexico. The missions thus planted in these countries have become great and stalwart trees which have already borne much fruit. Dr. Butler went to India in 1856, and was there during the dreadful period of the Mutiny. Many in Canada will remember with almost painful interest the vivid descriptions Dr. Butler gave of the trying scenes of that time. We once met Dr. Butler in the pleasant home of Dr. Abel Stevens in Geneva, Switzerland, where he was for a time preaching in the Methodist church of that city. He impressed us as a man of great faith and courrage, of intense devotion to the service of his Master, of remarkable organizing ability, and large literary gifts.

Rev. Dr. W. R. Lowrie was another saint of God who led multitudes of souls into the kingdom of Christ. He died very suddenly in the last week of August, after having for some time led the young people's meetings at Ocean Grove. Dr. Lowrie was born in Scotland, came early to the United States, and was one of the great pastors of American Methodism. Extensive revivals followed his preaching everywhere.

Rev. Dr. Alexander Balmain Bruce was one of the most distinguished scholars and divines of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland. He fought valiantly for the defence of Christianity. His writings on "The Chief End of Revelation," on "The Training of the Twelve," and other works, exhibit intense moral earnestness and a courage of his convictions which sometimes provoked severe criticism. This, however, he lived down, and his memory is honoured as that of a true soldier of Jesus Christ.

In the death of Dr. William Wright, editorial superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Christian scholarship lost an able exponent. Dr. Wright was a native of Ireland, a member of the Irish Presbyterian Church. What gave special oriental bent to his studies was ten years' missionary service in Damascus. He travelled widely throughout the East, acquiring an intimate acquaintance of its languages and institutions which specially fitted him for his editorial work. Among his best known books are "The Empire of the Hittites," and "Palmyra and Zenobia," recently reviewed in these pages.

Items.

The Wesleyan Methodist society has 363 mission stations and 2,355 preaching places. Its staff of 345 missionaries is supported by 2,903 schoolmasters and other paid agents. Its income is $28,000 more than two years ago.

Sixteen German foreign missionary societies employ 750 German and 121 native missionaries at 471 stations, having pastoral charge of 110,000 communicants and 70,000 children in schools. Total receipts about $1,000,000.

It is an interesting fact, says the *North-Western Christian Advocate*, that the two foremost leaders of the opposing forces in the controversy in the Established Church of England are laymen—Viscount Halifax of the ritualist party, and Sir William Vernon Harcourt of the anti-ritualists. The former is described as "the real unmitred primate of England." The two archbishops are strong men, but they have not grappled with the trouble in the Church as has Lord Halifax, who has been the leader in the debate in the House of Lords and before the country.

An article of great interest, by Rev. W. B. FitzGerald, under the title, "The Preachers of the People," appears in the *Guild Magazine*. Mr. FitzGerald has quoted some most interesting facts with regard to the local preachers of Methodism, which will be of great interest to our readers. He gives the date of the earliest printed Plan as 1777. The article is illustrated by two interesting diagrams, and the following statistics are given of Methodist local preachers for the year 1898:

Wesleyan Methodist Church	17,708
Primitive Methodist Church	16,617
United Methodist Free Church..	3,409
Bible Christians	1,900
Methodist New Connexion.....	1,203
Wesleyan Reform Union.....	506
Total.....	41,343

The latest returns for the Methodist Churches throughout the entire world give the total number of lay preachers at 101,643. These are men who inherit the spirit of the evangelical revival, who preach the same truths that Wesley taught, and count it their highest honour to spread scriptural holiness through the land.

Book Notices.

Studies in Theology.—VI. Sin. By Randolph S. Foster, D.D., LL.D., a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. 308. Price, $3.00.

One of the most tremendous mysteries of the universe is the existence of sin. Its virulent evil is too lightly regarded in the easy-going evangelism of the times. In the oriental races there seems to be slight consciousness of sin—either in the gods or in their devotees. A thoughtful study of this great mystery, of its guilt and punishment, will lead to clearer conceptions of the love of God in its forgiveness through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Bishop Foster's great work is no mere repetition of stereotyped views. He does his own thinking with striking freshness and originality. He protests at the outset against the false conceptions which Milton and the poets and painters have given of the primitive condition of mankind in a paradise of beauty, having a perfect ecstasy of life without care or trouble. On the contrary he affirms "the world where Adam was made and where he commenced his life was this world as we find it to-day, except not beautified by the touch of cultivation. There were hailstorms and snowdrifts, floods and earthquakes, plenty and famine, before and after our first parents came. They were made for this world; for work and toil and care; for an everyday existence, and not for parade. Adam was new, but the world was old and just as we find it. To make his way through it, what is necessary for us was necessary for him. Hunger and want struck him the first day he lived on earth. He needed clothes and home as much as we do. The same law of labour bound him that binds us. The common fortunes of humanity were his, its imminent liabilities and necessities. He would grow old, his hair would become gray and his eyes dim, and he would need a staff."

Man was created innocent, but that does not include the highest quality of holiness which results from the resistance of temptation and overcoming evil. The author confutes the Calvinistic theory of Hodge and Shedd as to the nature of sin and the inheritance of anything like guilt from our first parent. The latter part of the volume is devoted to the discussion of punishment of sin, and incidentally to theories of the atonement. The subject, however, is too large for review in a brief book notice and will receive more extended treatment in a future number. Bishop Foster's views are not inconsistent with the Scriptural teaching that sin brought a blight upon nature and penal consequences which through heredity the whole race shares.

From the Himalayas to the Equator. Letters, Sketches and Addresses, Giving Some Account of a Tour in India and Malaysia. By Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 262. Price, $1.00.

The missionary tours of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church immeasurably surpass those of the first and great missionary apostle of the Gentiles. This book in its way is in spirit a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles. Bishop Foss, accompanied by that devoted friend of missions, Dr. Goucher, made a wide and intelligent inspection of mission work in India and Malaysia. The Bishop gives a graphic account of the scenes which impressed his heart and mind. Of the people of India he says: "No words of mine can convey any just sense of what I felt concerning the measureless and desperate degradation which their heathenism had brought to hundreds of millions of people in this country; nor of the zest and relish with which I turn away from such scenes."

Yet this dark field of heathenism is the most successful mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It has now 77,963 communicants, an increase of tenfold in eleven years. The closing chapter is a bugle-call for a forward movement in the cause of missions. What is needed, says the Bishop, is "not so much an awakening of India, but an awakening of America to some adequate sense of the splendour of her present opportunities for swift advances in the conquest of the heathen world." The book contains eighteen admirable pictures of striking scenes in India, and portraits of Bishops Thoburn and Foss, and Dr. Goucher.

Neglected Factors in the Study of the Early Progress of Christianity. By the Rev. James Orr, Professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian Theological College, Edinburgh. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 235. Price, $1.25.

This is a very suggestive volume on some aspects of the early history of Christianity which are often overlooked. Gibbon and other writers following him have greatly minified the influence of Christianity in the early centuries. Our author proceeds to show that the new leaven greatly affected pagan society, that it had a far greater influence than has heretofore been admitted. The principal evidence on this subject he finds in the invaluable testimony of the Catacombs. "I think I am justified," he says, "in speaking of the Catacomb discoveries as a 'neglected factor' in the study of early Church history—one which only recently Church historians have taken the trouble to refer to at all, and of the bearings of which even yet they show generally a most inadequate appreciation."

Besides the glowing account of the early Christian writers, there has, he says, been opened to us within recent years another book of surpassing interest, the pages of which are constantly being more clearly deciphered by skilled interpreters, and which promises to throw a flood of reliable light on just such problems as we are dealing with. It is surprising that these discoveries have not been made more use of by Church historians."

The author does us the honour to refer several times to our book on the Catacombs for facts and arguments on this neglected side of Church history. He shows that there was an extension of Christianity laterally or numerically in the Roman Empire far beyond what most historians have been willing to admit. He shows, too, that there was an extension of Christianity vertically, or as respects the different strata of society—that while, of course, the great body of the Church were of the poor or of the middle classes, there were those of Cæsar's household and those of high rank and station who were also the disciples of Jesus. We have long since pointed this out by numerous examples in the epitaphs of the early Christians in our book on the Catacombs. Dr. Ulhorn, in his "Conflicts of Christianity and Paganism," also does us the honour of quoting extensively from our book on this subject, as does Dr. Whedon in his "Commentaries."

Dr. Orr proceeds to demonstrate the intensive or penetrative influence of Christianity on the thought and life of the empire. This is especially seen in the effect of Christianity on morals and legislation, in the elevation of woman, the abolition of slavery, the amelioration of criminal law, which, like the laws of Draco, was written in blood, and in many other respects. This, too, we have previously shown by many examples of early Christian inscriptions.

Canadian Battlefields, and Other Poems. By Lieut.-Col. J. R. Wilkinson. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Pp. 292.

We confess that we are not very greatly in sympathy with the glorification of war. We believe that both in Canadian and American literature too much emphasis has been placed upon the unhappy collisions on the field of battle of our kindred peoples. As the grass has grown greenly on the graves of our fallen heroes, so should we veil the memories of these unhappy strifes and rejoice in the growing love and brotherhood of the neighbouring nations.

"Let us then uniting bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and mutual trust."

As a gallant soldier the writer records the heroism of Chateauguay and Beaver Dams, of Lundy's Lane and Chrysler's Farm, of Stony Creek and Queenston Heights.

But not all his poems are of war. "The love of home, the song of nature, the mystery of creation, the impenetrable depths of infinitude" furnish themes of many of his songs. The longest poem, "The Flight of Time," is one of epic grandeur. It sweeps from the creation through the great events of history and the realms of space to the final consummation when time shall be no more. "Armageddon" is a striking poem in which the final conflict between Christian and Moslem shall take place on the plains of India. These closing lines breathe a more tranquil spirit:

O charity! unfold thy pure white wings,
Teach us to suffer and to forbear
To hurl no darts, no evil, bitter stings,
For life is needful and full of care.

Then fold us, fold us, in thy pure white wings.
Shield us from ourselves, and let us see
Only good in others, and the joy that brings
Peace to us in life and in eternity.

Christian Character. A Study in New Testament Morality. By the Rev. Thos. B. Kilpatrick, D.D., minister of the Free Church of Scotland at Ferryhill, Aberdeen. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-298. Price, 90 cents.

"Character," says the writer, "is man's true self, that which he really is. Christian character is man as God meant him to be. To become what God would have him be ought to be the passion of every soul." This eminently judicious book discusses first the source, the discipline, and the culture of Christian character. Its source is Christ. It dwells properly on the culture of the physical and mental as well as of the moral powers. Food, dress, habits, the care of the body, the culture of the mind have an important relation to the health of the soul. Our author utters a solemn warning against the sins of the body. Sin may be pardoned, but the scar remains. The bird with a broken wing will never soar as high again. Our pleasant vices may become the thongs to scourge us wherewithal. Our author insists strongly on the exceeding sinfulness of sin as separating the soul from God and working its direst ruin.

Part II. treats the manifestation of character, namely, conduct, in the family, in business, in social relations, in the state, and in the Church. This we deem one of the most judicious books on this important subject that we have ever met.

Honey from Many Hives. Gathered by Rev. James Mudge, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 331. Price, $1.00.

In the hurry and worry of modern life we need more than ever the quiet hour of thoughtfulness and prayer. It is truer now than when Wordsworth said it,

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.

We need to nourish our souls day by day at the fountain of divine refreshment, the Word of God and the writings of godly men. Dr. Mudge, one of the wisest and most thoughtful writers of Methodism, has collected in this volume of honey from many hives, the best thought of the world's best thinkers—the cream, he says, of many centuries. His book is, he tells us, for the secret place of private prayer and meditation. The wisdom of the ages here presents "not only oil from the lamp of prayer, but bread and meat, which may be turned into strength for Christian activity." Among the world's great writers and saintly souls who are laid under tribute for the garnered riches of these pages are St. Augustine, Tauler, Thomas à Kempis, Francis of Sales, Richard Baxter, Jeremy Taylor, Samuel Rutherford, Abbé Fenelon, Thomas C. Upham, F. W. Faber, and many others.

Individuality, or the Apostolic Twelve Before and After Pentecost. By Rev. J. L. Sooy, D.D. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 303.

"The story of no two souls," says the author, "is exactly alike. In some there is a burning enthusiasm; in others, a holy quiet. One is all activity and daring; another, like Mary, loves to sit at the feet of Jesus. One is a Boanerges; another is a Barnabas. . . . The individualities of personal character are in no wise destroyed by the new life under the Gospel. Rather the Gospel is meant to heighten and deepen these, and to make each man more intensely himself, more thoroughly individual, and unlike anybody else. To adopt the beautiful figure of Cyril of Jerusalem, 'One and the same rain comes down upon all the earth, yet it becomes white in the lily, and red in the rose, and purple in the violets and pansies, and different and various in all the several kinds. It is one thing in the palm-tree, and another in the vine, and all in all things. Thus also the Holy Spirit, one and uniform and undivided in Himself, distributes His grace to every man as He wills.'"

In the elucidation of this subject Dr. Sooy treats of the impulsive type of Christianity, and the intuitive, the intellectual, the administrative types. He discusses also the special temptations which these types present, and the rich fruition they bear when Spirit-filled.

Ragged Lady. By W. D. Howells. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co. Cloth, $1.25.

Mr. Howells' stories merit study more for their delicate humour, their subtle character-sketching, than for involved plot—of which they have none. He is an artist of the pre-Raphaelite school, accomplishing by many minute touches what other accomplish by a few broad strokes. It is a proof of his genius that he interests us profoundly in the simple-

souled New England girl, and the divinity-student waiter at the summer hotel. She loves her shy suitor for himself, not because he is to be a missionary. "You would do all this," he says, "be all this, for *me*, a wretched and erring creature of the dust, and yet not do it for—God."

The girl's nature is ennobled and purified by trial and sorrow before she reaps an aftermath of chastened joy. The story has the subdued atmosphere of the Indian Summer, not the vivid colouring of the mid-year. But one feels, to change the figure, that there are depths of feeling that this plummet does not sound. The well is deep and the writer has not wherewith to draw.

The New England character-sketching is very clever. The foibles of the newly-rich, the wrong done by unthinking selfishness, the charm of simple goodness are all set forth with a master's skill.

The Life of John Read. By BLANCHE J. READ. Toronto: Salvation Army Printing and Publishing House. Pp. 181.

The story of a good man's life is better than volumes of didactic teaching: one is teaching by example, the other by precept. John Read was a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ in the Salvation Army. When a youth he experienced an old-fashioned conversion at an army meeting, and soon after entered its service. The very persecutions endured developed his sturdy strength of character. His life-story gives a good inside view of army life and service from Newfoundland to the extreme far North-West. Failing health led to his return for a time to his native land, where, far from home and those whom he loved best, he passed away from labour to reward. His life-story is told with loving tenderness, and cannot fail to be an inspiration to increased devotion in the service of our common Master and Lord.

The Christian Life. A Study. By BORDEN P. BOWNE. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 152. Price, 50 cents.

"We all feel," says Professor Bowne, "that in religion, of all matters, we should be supremely real and sincere; and yet, owing to an ambiguous and misleading terminology and the illusions thence resulting, an uncomfortable air of artificiality and unreality often seems to pervade the subject." It is to clear up the ambiguities and uncertainties of conventional thought and language that he has written this book. As the product of one of the clearest thinkers and strongest writers of American Methodism, it has a special value to all persons who are not satisfied with their religious experience.

King Robert the Bruce. By A. F. MURISON. Famous Scots Series. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo, pp. 159. Price, 50 cents.

One of the most romantic figures in Scottish history is the hero of Bannockburn. After well-nigh seven hundred years the record of his deeds of "derring-do" stirs the heart of the patriotic Scot throughout the world. It strangely illustrates the spirit of the times that his father left charge that his bones might not be buried till they were borne in triumph from Berwick bounds to the utmost highlands. King Robert himself ordered that his heart should be embalmed and sent to Palestine to be buried in Jerusalem. According to tradition the good knight Douglas, charging against the Moors in Spain, hurled the precious casket containing the king's heart "a stone-cast and well more" into the ranks of the enemy, exclaiming,

> "Now pass thou forth before
> As thou wast wont in field to be,
> And I shall follow, or else dee";

and then fought his way to it and recovered it, "taking it up with great daintie." It was brought back and buried in Melrose Abbey.

Mr. Murison recounts the tale with ardent sympathy, and concludes: "Be his motives what they may, the practical outcome was the decisive establishment of the independence of therealm of Scotland, and he remains for ever the greatest of the line of Scottish kings."

Ten to One, and Other Papers. By the REV. J. A. CLAPPERTON, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 128.

This is a quaint little volume in the Helps Heavenward series. It contains twenty-eight experiences in the higher Christian life from the biographies of Bible saints, ancient and modern, Protestant and Catholic. It is interesting to note that with all their outer differences the religion of Christ in its essence is the same in all true-hearted believers in every communion and of every age.

PORTRAIT OF ALBERT DURER, BY HIMSELF.